Saturday Review
DECEMBER 31, 1960 / 25¢

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POLITICAL PRETENDERS AND HOW TO TELL THEM

By Sidney Hook

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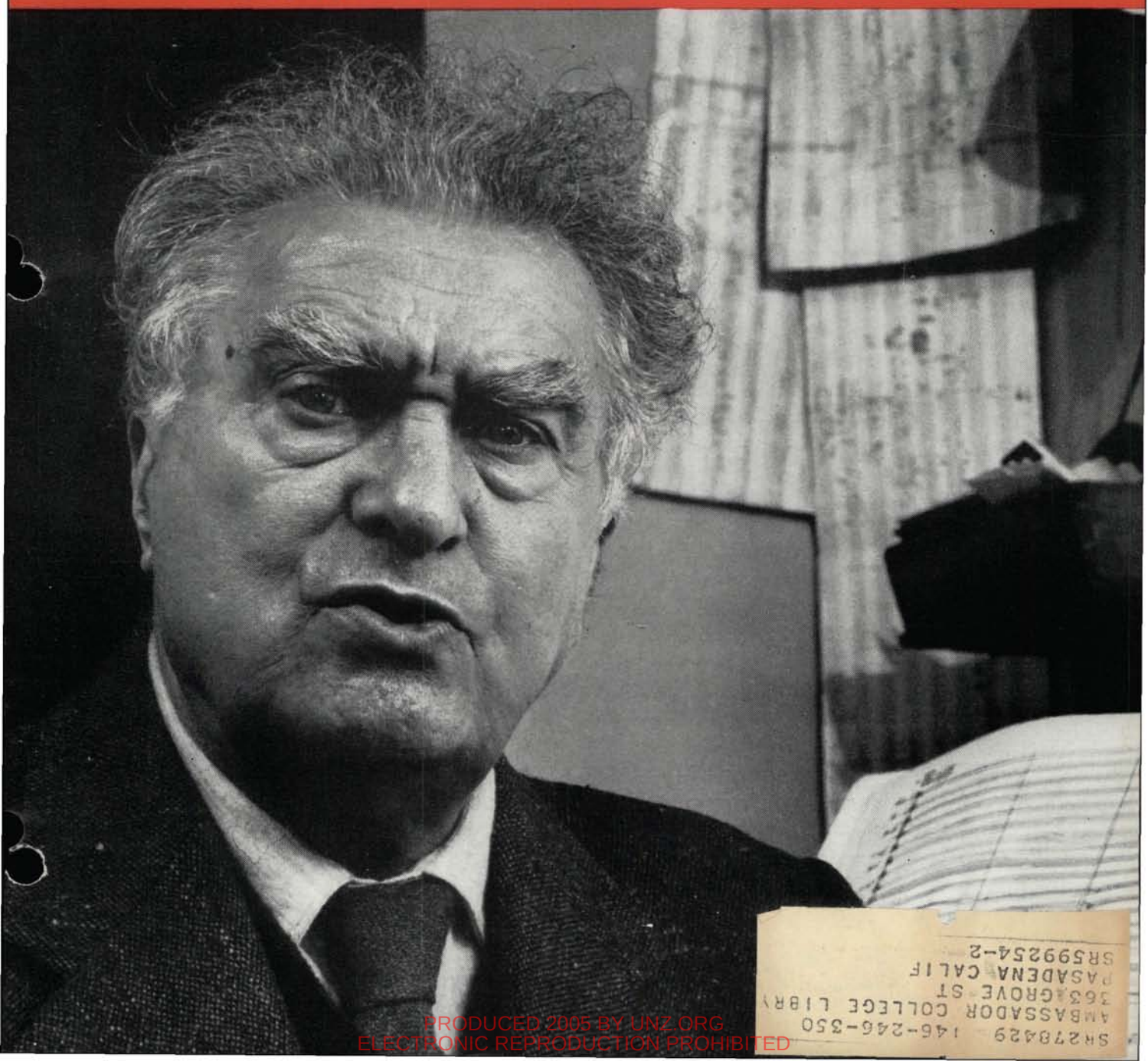

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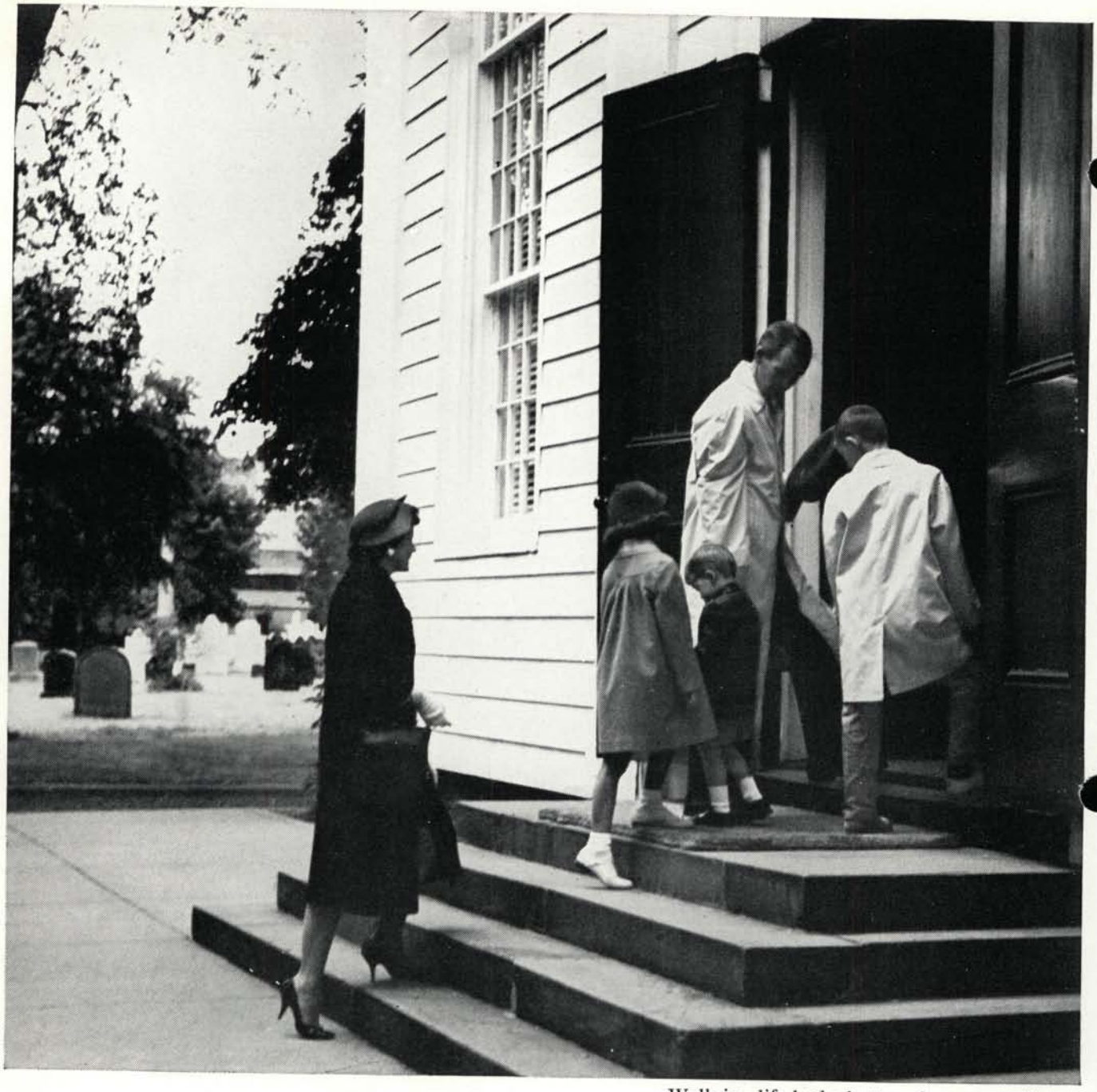

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TRADE Winds

THE MOMENT WE LEARNED that George Bernard Shaw played a real-life Higgins to an American Eliza, as revealed by over 125 newly discovered letters, we whisked to 1133 Park Avenue, Apartment 12 West, to talk with the new young publisher Clarkson Potter, who had the good fortune to publish the letters. Mr. Potter was wearing a pin-stripe suit, zylonite glasses, and an ineradicable smile as he led us from the hallway to his study.

"There's one thing I can promise you," Mr. Potter said. "And that is I had no idea the book would receive such attention."

He was referring to the fact that, three days before publication, the story hit the front page of newspapers all over the country, including the *Times* and *Tribune*, and was being regarded as a real-life version of "Pygmalion," which in fact it is.

"There is no question whatever," said Mr. Potter, "that Molly Tompkins, an obscure American actress from Atlanta, was regarded by Shaw as Eliza, and that she was the character from his play incarnate. There is also little doubt, after reading the letters, that Shaw cast himself in the role of Higgins. He gives her advice on everything from speech habits to money."

Mr. Potter brought out a copy of the volume, "To a Young Actress," a large, beautifully bound book, with all of Shaw's letters reproduced in facsimile.

"Most of them are typewritten by Shaw himself, so they're quite readable," Mr. Potter pointed out. "Those that are handwritten are about as legible. You'll notice that there are many time-gaps in the letters, most of which were caused by Shaw's respect for hard cash. When he took an hour off to write a letter, it meant that time had to be deducted from, say, the writing of 'Saint Joan,' which obviously accounts for the gap in 1923. Matter of fact, there's a letter right here to Molly which says: 'One of the first arts of life is to have no delicacy about money.' Shaw meant what he said."

A GLANCE THROUGH the book quickly indicated that the letters are not only provocative but also startling. They are uninhibited and romantic in tone, in spite of the fact that both Shaw and Molly Tompkins were married to other spouses.

Mr. Potter learned of the existence of the letters several years ago when he was vacationing in Ontario with Peter Tompkins, Molly's son. Potter was then a young editor at Doubleday, and his excitement on learning about the letters bore fruit this year when Tompkins brought him the letters in Potter's first year in business as Clarkson N. Potter, Incorporated.

"When Peter finally got permission from his mother to publish the letters, just before she died, he brought them up here from Atlanta, and I spread them all over the apartment to read. They were fascinating. I couldn't stop reading them. I wasn't sure that the public would be as excited as I was, but I hoped for the best. There are many things expressed in the letters about Shaw's affection for the young actress, but much is also implied. Peter is quick to admit that the attraction was strong and uninhibited—on paper at least. But Molly's husband and Shaw's wife were certainly aware of the extended correspondence. Here's

one of Shaw's letters that says to Molly: 'Your letters are extremely readable (my wife is quite keen on them) and they make me feel romantic at all times, which is pleasant at my age. After all, I shall not be completely seventy until July.'

"But what happened to the literally hundreds of letters Molly wrote Shaw? It's a complete mystery. We *do* know that Molly wrote a play that Shaw read, and that he rewrote the entire third act himself. This is gone, too. Molly was later divorced, then reunited with, but not remarried to, her husband Laurence, who is a sculptor. But he was also friendly with Shaw. Just before Molly Tompkins died earlier this year, Peter discussed with her and tape-recorded all the missing gaps of information between the letters, and this will be another volume in itself."

TO DATE, Potter's young firm has published eight books, one of them a distinctive and creditable edition of "Alice in Wonderland." Most of them, however, have been sound nonfiction.

"Naturally, I'm happy about the Shaw reception, but the book represents only a part of the hope I have of publishing quality books of lasting interest. I'm convinced that the only way to publish is to care like hell about the books you do put out, and then let them take care of themselves. I think 'cynical publishing'—publishing for the sake of profit alone—fails much more often than it succeeds."

J. B. PRIESTLEY recently spoke briefly at a reception given him by the Sane Nuclear Policy Committee. As part of England's angry older generation, he said:

"It's absurd just to sit around and *talk* about nuclear disarmament, when the need is so critical and the time so short if we expect to have a planet to live on. We need more *passion*, more action. Give the young people something to do, and give them a definite objective, a target date, and help them take the offensive in this war for peace. There's nothing wrong with students today—just those who teach them."

AT THE RECEPTION was a man who brought both energy and imagination to the teaching profession, Harold Taylor, who left his post as president of Sarah Lawrence College to write two books for Simon & Schuster on education from the student's point of view.

"Now that I'm not 'institutionalized,'" he told us, referring to his former administrative duties at Sarah Lawrence, "I can concentrate completely on the books, and work without distraction. About the only thing concrete I can tell you about them right now is the first sentence of the first book. It reads: 'The problem of education is to stay close to life and not to kill the life it touches by turning it into abstractions.' Simon & Schuster will be both pleased and surprised, if you print this, that I've got that far!"

ROB HOWARD, the graphic artist from Boston, believes in early planning, and was discussing next year's garden with his wife.

"I'm thinking of putting Belgian poppies and African violets near that stone wall," she said.

"What?" said Howard. "And cause another riot?"

"WHO SAYS," writes Mrs. Tertius Van Dyke, of Washington, Connecticut, "that the New England Telephone Company doesn't have a sense of humor? The first three items on my recent bill are: WASH, BANG, and WALP!"

She refers, of course, to the abbreviations for Washington, Bangor, and Walpole.

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Marcia Cansdale, of Westport, Connecticut, went shopping with a neighbor recently, and persuaded

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her to finance a garbage-lid holder, of all things, as a Christmas present for her mother. On untangling the story, the mother carefully pointed out that this really wasn't Marcia's gift, since the neighbor had paid for it.

"I know," said young Marcia. "But I had the *thought*, and you always told me it's the thought that counts."

"IN YOUR STORY about the optometrist who used a chopped-up book on optics for fertilizer," Mrs. Emanuel Heifetz

writes us from California, "I was sure he would conclude that his irises never looked better."

Interesting is the fact that many professional men refer to the plural of *iris* by its optional form, *irides*.

VANCE PACKARD, with three straight hits to his credit, and "The Waste Makers" now firmly at the top of the nonfiction best-seller list, still has his troubles, and most of them are intramural.

"Oh, *no*," said his mother-in-law when he told her he was at work on his next book. "Are you going to criticize America *again*?"

"Father," said his daughter Cindy, aged twelve, after undergoing a shower of comments from her classmates about her father's books, "I just wish you would stop writing about *people*!"

Said Vance, Jr., now in his teens: "When's father going to write a *pleasant* book?" —JOHN G. FULLER.

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Old Winter sad, in snow y-clad
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But let him howl till he crack his jowl,
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Come, push the mug about,
From our snug fireside this Christmastide
We'll keep old Winter out.

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Saturday Review

DECEMBER 31, 1960

POLITICAL PRETENDERS AND HOW TO TELL THEM

By SIDNEY HOOK, *head of the philosophy department at New York University and the author of "From Hegel to Marx" and "The Ambiguous Legacy: Marx and the Marxists," among other published works.*

THE TROUBLED political situations in Cuba, the Congo, and other areas of the world make it pertinent to ask: Just what is a Communist? How does one know whether an individual or group is deliberately pursuing a Communist policy, or is following an independent policy that just happens to coincide with the Communist line of the moment? Is denunciation of the American way of life or of American business or American foreign policy the telltale sign of Communism? It would be political simplemindedness to believe this. All A is B but not all B is necessarily A. All Communists are bitterly hostile to the United States and the free world but not all who are bitterly hostile to the United States and the free world are necessarily Communists.

How, then, can we tell when hostility to the United States and the free world is evidence of Communism and when not? The answer is: when it is conjoined with other beliefs and activities. What are they?

Before answering this question, it is worth considering the position of those who argue that whether or not an individual is called a Communist is a semantic irrelevance. The important thing, these people say, is to judge him by the particular policy he is pursuing at the moment. If it helps the Kremlin in furthering its goal of world domination, for all practical purposes he is a Communist; if not, he is not. This approach is a grave error fraught with serious consequences. It makes a profound difference whether an individual is falsely or truly characterized as a Communist.

If he is not one, he will suspect that others who are called Communists are not, even when they really are. More important, he may begin to entertain the idea that even self-professed Communists are no different from himself in what they fundamentally want. Since he is convinced that he himself is a decent fellow full of good will toward others, perhaps Communists after all aspire toward the same things despite the strange jargon they use.

On the other hand, if he really is a Communist but passes himself off to credulous public opinion in the West as an agrarian reformer, a nationalist rebel, or whatever, his subsequent actions may open the door to further Communist victories. He may even be helped to come to power by those who would be among the first victims of Communist aggression. Events have often bankrupted policies that were formulated on the naïve assumption that a man necessarily is what he says he is.

Reliable knowledge of whether an individual is or is not a Communist is therefore of the first importance in predicting the course of his behavior. The Chinese Communists were at one time regarded by some American observers and publicists as "agrarian reformers." But they proved themselves to be among the cruelest, most dogmatic, and fanatical Communists in the world.

There are some who believe that too much ado is made about the question of who is a Communist. They are convinced that there is an easy way to find out, illustrated in the story of the bluff, no-nonsense type of general who fervently defended a member of his staff against a charge of being a Communist. "What makes you so sure he isn't a Communist?" inquired one of his colleagues. "Why," came the response, "I asked him and he assured me he wasn't!"

THERE was a time when one could find out easily enough about an individual's Communist convictions and affiliations by asking such direct questions. Shortly after the Bolsheviks, led by Lenin, seized power in Russia and established the Communist International to encourage and organize similar actions elsewhere, their supporters publicly and proudly declared themselves to be Communists. They made no bones about it even in countries where their organizations had to work outside the pale of legality. The unpopular and disagreeable consequences of characterizing oneself as a Communist were such

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that no one who was not a Communist would dream of pretending to be one. Communist organizations in those days were sometimes reproved by the Kremlin for "hiding the face of the Party." The assumption was that they had little to conceal, and that the justice of their cause required no deception.

BUT as the masses continued to turn a deaf ear to the Communist call for revolution and the organization of Soviets, as the Communist program of dictatorship and terror became better known, as those responsible for national security took means to exclude Communists from positions of trust, the Communist Parties were instructed to change their procedure and to prepare themselves for action when the time was ripe. They transformed themselves from open, revolutionary heretics preaching the necessity of insurrection and dictatorship, sometimes even courting arrest in order to facilitate the work of revolutionary propaganda, into secret conspirators. They began to operate by all sorts of devious methods outside the rules of the democratic political process in countries where democracy existed, and to masquerade as reformers, nationalists, and even democrats in countries where democracy did not exist.

In some countries today the Communist Party remains, with respect to important issues, in the background and works through nominally non-Party organizations in order to mobilize public opinion in behalf of its policies and programs. Sometimes it colonizes other political parties, particularly left-wing parties, with its own secret members who have wormed their way into positions of leadership. In some countries, individuals who have been systematically trained in secret Communist Party schools in the Soviet Union are sent back to their own countries to organize popular movements around some crying abuse. They avoid public contact with official Communist Parties where they exist. They then burgeon forth as "a people's party" with an animus against the West.

Under such circumstances, once legitimate suspicion has been aroused, one cannot rely merely on whether an individual admits to membership in the Communist Party in order to determine whether he actually is a member or not. It becomes a very complex and difficult problem to decide. Sometimes one must suspend judgment.

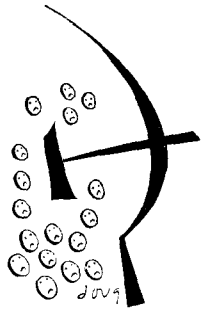
Broadly speaking, however, with a little intellectual sophistication one can reach reliable conclusions on the basis of two sets of criteria. The first is the character of his beliefs. The second is the totality of his practical political behavior.

With respect to beliefs, Communism is a social doctrine that consists of two chief tenets. Belief in each one of them is a necessary condition of Communist faith; belief in *both* is sufficient to warrant classifying an individual as Communist.

The first tenet of Communism is the desirability of collectivism of all, or at least the major, means of production, distribution, and exchange, of a socialized or nationalized economy in which central planning replaces the mechanisms of the market in determining the allocation of natural and human resources.

The second tenet of Communism is that this is to be accomplished through "the dictatorship of the proletariat," which, in the words of Lenin and Stalin, is "substantially the dictatorship of the Communist Party." The dictatorship of the Communist Party—a small minority of the population—rests on outright force and is limited by no laws except what it decrees as necessary for its preservation and triumph. Sometimes this second tenet is so modified that the dictatorship is presented as a coalition government in which the Communist Party occupies all the strategic posts, especially the ministries of the army and police, so that no effective political opposition is possible.

It is not his economics so much as his political beliefs that stamp the Communist. Although collectivism is his ultimate economic goal, he will make



any promise, support any economic program, if only he can get the reins of political power in his hands. When he does, it spells the end of free elections, no matter what the form of the constitution. He can then move on to any economic goal at any speed he pleases.

It cannot be too strongly stressed that it is political rather than economic beliefs that are the key to the Communist allegiance, for there are many non-Communists and even anti-Communists who support large measures of socialization in the economy. It is therefore the height of political stupidity to lump them together with the Communists. Genuine democratic socialists are among the oldest and most principled opponents of Communism and have never been fooled by the different faces the Kremlin has put on to deceive the free world. Conversely, Communists regard democratic socialists as their most dangerous rivals, who for many reasons must be eliminated.

Chief among these reasons is that the democratic socialist goal of alleviating distress and abolishing economic inequities combines the appeal to justice with the appeal to reason in a program of gradual reforms to be achieved without civil war. In addition, the Socialist's emphasis upon democratic process and human freedom leaves a legacy of resistance to tyranny among workers influenced by them. The Communists find this very troublesome when they take over.

IT IS not always easy to determine when a Communist espouses his distinctive beliefs, partly because of the reasons already given but also because of the special language he employs. Most Communists today use Aesopian language that was first adopted by Lenin to get through the Czarist censor and is now used by Communists to get through the critical guards of commonsense understanding everywhere. For example, a Communist will not overtly say that he advocates party dictatorship. Instead, he will avow belief in a "people's democracy" as distinct from the "false democracy" that exists in England and the U.S. But what he really means will be clear when we observe the conditions existing in the countries he regards as "people's democracies." Or he will say that he believes in the Bill of Rights, and is opposed to the use of violence except as a measure of defense against all who resist the will of "the people's democracy." But it turns out that the will of the "people's democracy" is always the will of the Communist Party.

Despite the use of Aesopian language, now and then a Communist will express a sentiment which, upon further exploration, may reveal to the critical observer the entire syndrome of Communist belief. Let an individual say that the Soviet press is free but the press in the West is not; that the Soviet Union or Communist China are democratic in a "higher sense" than the West; that art, literature, and science are properly responsible to the public good on the other side of the Iron Curtain but not on this side—and a little probing will usually uncover the familiar constellation of Communist dogmas, especially the two tenets mentioned above.

A Communist is identifiable not only by certain positive beliefs but also by certain negative ones. In other words, there are certain views which he must never voice, whose absence is neces-

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sary to the architecture of Communist thought. Chief among the unthought and especially the unsaid beliefs, is that the Soviet Union is wrong on any major political matter. We must distinguish, however, between ignorance of Communist violations of basic rights and decencies, and refusal to condemn them.

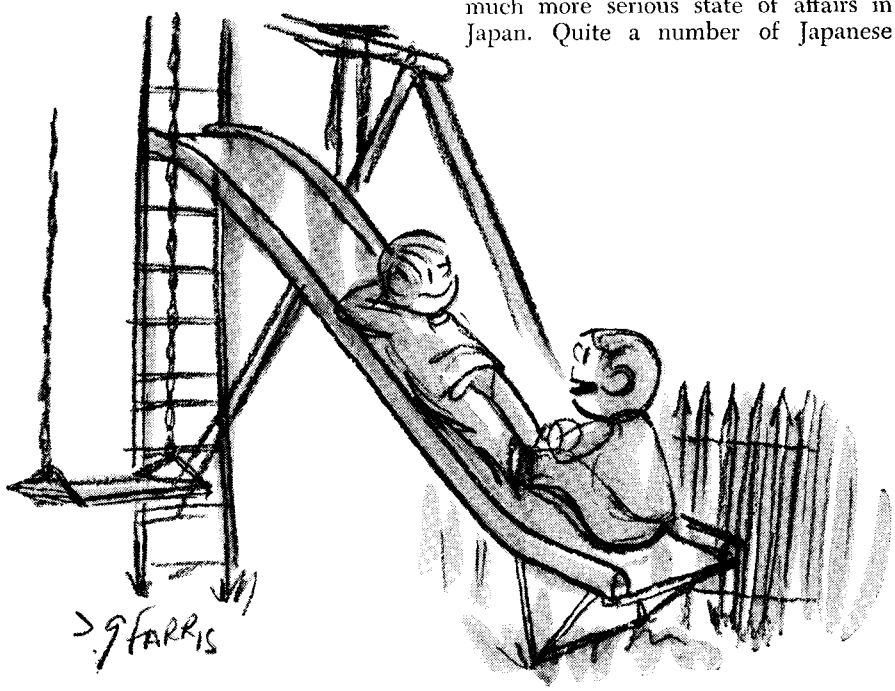
All this is somewhat complicated by the fact that Tito, a Communist, is critical of the Kremlin and vice versa, as well as by certain expressed disagreements between Moscow and Peking. But these criticisms and disagreements are made from an avowedly Communist point of view. They are factional and tactical, not principled. They are designed to prove that one side is more Leninist than the other. The criticisms and disagreements which are evidence of non-Communism are not so much doctrinal in a technical way as broadly ethical. They are about matters that cut to the bone of principle, like the suppression of the Hungarian revolt. If an individual is a sincere and forthright critic of the Soviet Union (or of any other Communist country) on humanistic and liberal grounds, he can be ruled out as a Communist.

SUCH an individual may support some Communist measure like disarmament without reasonable controls or without adequate inspection. This means that he is exercising his natural right to act the fool, not that he is a Communist. Although it is true that fools are sometimes even more dangerous than Communists, we must suffer them—without letting ourselves be influenced by them—if not gladly, then with a certain resignation. No one is free from some foolishness in some matters.

More than foolishness is indicated when an individual remains mute before the evidence of Communist oppression and perfidy and becomes eloquent only in criticizing those who criticize Communists. If one were to say that anti-Fascism is a dangerous, mistaken, and disloyal attitude, we should take it for granted that his sympathies are with the Fascists. Similarly, if an individual does not distinguish between anti-Communists, if he denounces *all* anti-Communism, irrespective of its grounds, as counterrevolutionary and treasonable, he is betraying his Communist commitment.

All inferences of this kind, however, must be carefully checked in relation to time and place and the context of personal development. Some years ago, when I traveled in India, I was treated to continued and fervent denunciation of Western imperialism by individuals who first ignored, and then denied, even the grosser facts of Communist imperialism. Yet few of those who took this blatantly inconsistent position were Communists. This was proved when news of the Chinese Communist outrages in Tibet became known, closely followed by the Chinese Communist violations of India's boarders. What had been obscure to minds blinded by nationalist passion and the slogans of Marxism became clear overnight.

Just as I was able to test for the presence of Communism among anti-Western Indian intellectuals by reference to Tibetan events, so was this possible in Japan. The test revealed a much more serious state of affairs in Japan. Quite a number of Japanese "socialist intellectuals" remained unmoved by events in Tibet and actually defended the Chinese genocidal cultural policy on the ground that since Red China represented "a higher type" of social order than Tibetan "feudalism," the repressions were justified. When pressed as to whether they would approve a similar action by Red China against Japan, whose capitalist system also represented in their eyes "a lower type" of social order than socialism or Communism, they gave an evasive answer.



"I can't wait until I grow up so I can start buying now and paying later."

THE application of the second set of criteria—those of practical behavior—is easier than the first but is likewise beset with difficulties. Corresponding to the technique of Aesopian language in the field of thought, there is the Communist tactic of "the Trojan horse" in the field of practical action. The Trojan-horse tactic was originally devised for use in Fascist countries but was soon extended to all countries in which Communists have not yet triumphed. This tactic represents the extremist type of opportunism in behalf of a fixed, fanatically held goal.

The problem is comparatively simple when the Communist Party itself officially and publicly employs the Trojan-horse tactic, and suddenly proclaims it will support some program it previously denounced as counterrevolutionary. Those who at this late date can be deceived by professions of support for some good cause by the Communist Party, and who interpret such professions as disinterested devotion to the cause, deserve the fate that is being prepared for them. Lenin once decribed that fate. In urging members of the British Communist Party to support the Labor Party, he added that ultimately they would support it "like a rope supports a hanged man."

The difficulty arises in determining whether an organization or individual that holds itself or himself out to be non-Communist is actually Communist. Sometimes evidence is available from defectors or former sympathizers who have experienced a change of heart. Recently such defections have become rare, in part because the Communist apparatus has become extremely careful, and in part because of the unfriendly climate of opinion in non-Communist countries toward those who have publicly broken with the Communist movement.

The best evidence of Communism is the complex of behavior traits over a period of time. It is not wise to conclude on the strength of a single case in which an individual or organization supports a cause which is also supported by the Communist Party that we

(*continued on page* 29)

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The Case for Fiction in 1960

By Granville Hicks

ALTHOUGH I know that some people will sniff at the notion, I believe that 1960 was a rich year for American fiction. Certain critics have got so into the habit of running down the contemporary novel that they no longer pay much attention to what is happening. But if it is one's business, as it is mine, to pay attention, one realizes how many talented and original novelists are currently at work. I can list, and I am going to do so, eight novels published in this past year that I consider works of some distinction. I shall also list eight others, five of them first novels, that will reward a careful reading.

I begin with a novel that has at least been talked about, though most of the talk has been unfavorable, William Styron's "Set This House on Fire." Nine years had passed since the publication of Styron's "Lie Down in Darkness," a first novel that was perhaps praised too highly. Some of the reviewers, it appeared, were lying in wait for the new book, telling themselves grimly that it had better be good. It is good, or so I think, but there are flaws, and the reviewers pounced on them. Then some of the academic critics joined the onslaught. *Critique* in its summer issue published three essays on the novel, ranging from Robert Gorham Davis's discriminating but essentially unfavorable examination to Richard Foster's violent diatribe, which denounced the book as inept, derivative, and commercial.

At the least Styron is, as Mr. Davis grants, a writer of remarkable fertility and power, and if his style sometimes seems overwrought, so do the styles of many writers whose greatness is seldom questioned. He has been influenced by other authors, as every writer is, but in this novel he succeeds, as he didn't quite do in his first, in making his own voice heard. His account of the agony of Cass Kinsolving is strong and searching, and I cannot think of many writers who could have done it so surely.

John Updike's "Rabbit, Run" has been better received than the Styron book, though a few reviewers have objected to the explicitness of its treatment of sex. The book pleases me on many grounds, but particularly because it is an advance over "The Poorhouse Fair." Updike is young, and to see him growing so rapidly in strength and assurance is a gratification. Of all the novels we have had recently about young men who find life too much for them (and we have had many) this seems to me the most convincing.

IN ITS list of books for Christmas giving, *Saturday Review* (Dec. 3) described Flannery O'Connor's "The Violent Bear It Away" as "Southern portraits in the Gothic style, tempered with compassion." The *Times Literary Supplement*, I recall, also referred to Miss O'Connor as a compassionate writer. Compassion seems to me the quality she conspicuously lacks, and her work shows how much can be accomplished without it. Fierceness is her virtue, a passionate determination to portray ugliness and cruelty for what they are. She is one of the most relentless as well as one of the most talented of our writers, and "The Violent Bear It Away" is a terrifying book.

Wright Morris's "Ceremony in Lone Tree" failed, as most of the novels he has written in the past twenty years have failed, to reach a large reading public. Yet its virtues are unmistakable: the authority with which it creates the Nebraska scene, its richly varied and carefully drawn characters, its masterful use of the vernacular. The body of work Morris has created is an important part of contemporary fiction, and in "Ceremony" his powers are at their highest. This is a book to read and be proud of.

Herbert Gold's "Therefore Be Bold," a warm evocation of the pains and pleasures of adolescence, may not be the best of his novels, but it is a rich and characteristic work. This is no ordinary tale of boys and their girls but a study of the meaning of love and the possibilities of human growth. Gold has let his imagination work so profoundly on his material, and has created so boldly fantastic a style, that the reader is led to marvel at experiences which he would ordinarily dismiss as commonplace.

Vance Bourjaily also looks back on adolescence in "Confessions of a Spent Youth," though he is more concerned with the years immediately following. Whereas one has an impression that Gold's book is largely autobiographical, Bourjaily's appears to be entirely so. It is at the same time a piece of fiction, and a highly successful one, because Bourjaily, like Gold, has processed his material. As the title suggests, here is a life that has been spent, and the reader participates in the spending.

Unlike all the other novels on this list, Harvey Swados's "False Coin" is an explicit criticism of contemporary society. Swados presents to us a number of men and women who have power in that society, and lets us see their virtues and their fatal shortcomings. His hero is a rebel, and the book movingly sets forth the need for rebelliousness in our day.

Elizabeth Spencer's "The Light in the Piazza" is laid in Florence and has its existence in the wonderfully evoked atmosphere of that city. This is a novella, tightly constructed, delicately written, making its point decisively but without a touch of overemphasis. With its central theme, a conflict of values, Miss Spencer deals lightly but justly.

In addition to these eight, I want to mention three books by old hands. Gerald Warner Brace is always a substantial novelist, and if "Winter Solstice" is not so good a book as "The Garretson Chronicle," it is a novel to be enjoyed. "Sermons and Soda-Water," John O'Hara's collection of three novellas, brings us the less documented and therefore better O'Hara. Although Allan Seager's "Death of Anger" was on the whole a disappointment, it did not shake my belief that he is one of our writers who have something to say.

I COME finally to the five first novels. John Knowles's "A Separate Peace" is an uncommonly perceptive story about boys in a preparatory school. Peter Beagle's graveyard novel, "A Fine and Private Place," is a fantasy that really comes off, and that one doesn't often find. Harper Lee's "To Kill a Mockingbird," which has had a popular success that I can't explain, is a rather nice novel about Southern children and their confrontation of the race problem although it lapses into melodrama. Philip McFarland's "A House Full of Women" is an interesting and promising venture in Southern Gothic. And the bizarre characters of James Leo Herlihy's "All Fall Down" have stayed in my mind.

The case for the defense rests. I hope I do not have to say that I am not talking about genius. I am talking about talent, talent that at the least is interesting and at the best can give a high order of saisfaction. There was a good deal of talent around in 1960.

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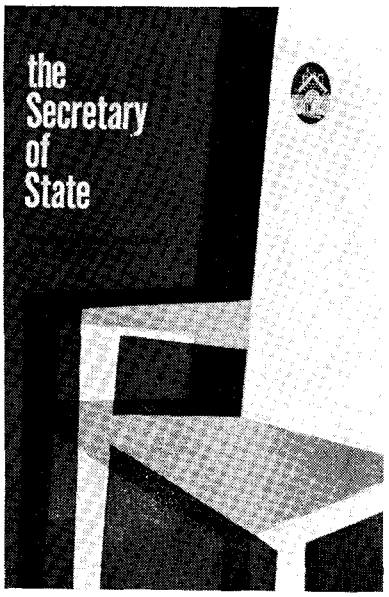
Book in the News



President's Alter Ego

By Ernest R. May, *editor of "The Ultimate Decision: The President as Commander-in-Chief." Mr. May is also the author of "The World War and American Isolation."*

SIXTY-FOUR years ago President-elect William McKinley faced a problem. He needed to reward Mark Hanna, a fellow Ohioan, for Hanna had once bailed him out of debt, had promoted his candidacy for the Republican nomination, and then had successfully managed the campaign. Hanna wanted to go to the Senate. To help him the President had to persuade John Sherman, the state's senior Senator, to vacate his seat. Sherman at seventy-three had defective vision, was forgetful, tended to maunder, and otherwise showed signs of advancing senility. But McKinley knew just the post for him. He made him Secretary of State.

Since that time the stature of the office has changed. Many people now take the choice of a Secretary as seriously as that of a President. One indication is the publication, right after that choice was made, of "**The Secretary of State,**" edited by Don K. Price (Prentice-Hall; hardbound, $3.50; paperback, $1.95), a volume on the Secretary's role, duties, responsibilities, and opportunities.

The book is sponsored by the American Assembly, an organization devoted to instructing the public on topics of current interest. In this case the Assembly has collected essays which are not only unusually informative but which have another distinction. They are all by men who have been or who would like to be Secretary of State.

The editor and author of a summing-up is Don K. Price, dean of the Harvard School of Public Administration and a veteran of the Budget Bureau, the Hoover Commission, and the Defense Department. One contributor who certainly knows whereof he writes is Dean Acheson. The others are Robert R. Bowie, former Assistant Secretary of State for Policy Planning and current director of the Harvard Center for International Affairs; President John Sloan Dickey of Dartmouth, one-time director of the State Department's Office of Public Affairs; William Yandell Elliott, a Harvard professor, an official of the National Security Council, and most recently a frontal lobe in the Nixon brains trust; Paul H. Nitze, a former member of the Policy Planning Staff, and Henry M. Wriston, former president of Brown, architect of the 1954 Foreign Service reorganization, and president of the American Assembly.

THESE diverse essayists, united mainly by the interest they share, have compiled both a guide and a manual. Their book is meant to inform the public but even more to instruct the officeholder. It bears at least a faint resemblance to Machiavelli's "Prince." The chief differences are that it is less epigrammatic and more analytical, less worldly and more sophisticated.

Three of the essays sketch the boundaries that hem in a Secretary of State. Wriston describes the apparatus of the State Department itself. Though he asserts that it has been steadily improving, he also makes it clear that great talent is needed even to understand it, let alone to make it work. Dickey discusses the Secretary's difficulties in trying to keep the public not only informed but also interested in affairs away from their own doorsteps. Elliott feelingly describes the intelligence, persistence, and resourcefulness with which Congress endeavors to make a Secretary's life intolerable. He mentions, for example, Senator Mundt's boast of having cut $8,000,000 out of the budget for State Department personnel in order to get $8,250,000 for a South Dakota dam. Taken together, the essays by Wriston, Dickey, and Elliott make one wonder not only whether a Secretary of State can really accomplish anything but also why reasonable men like the writers themselves should want the office.

The answers, in so far as any can be given, emerge from other essays. Nitze, Bowie, and editor Price concern themselves less with boundaries of the office than with its frontiers. Nitze points out that the Secretary is no longer just a lawyer negotiating contracts for the United States. Instead he has become a sort of "general manager." He oversees inventories—of funds, arms, and information. He manages relations with affiliates, subsidiaries, and competitors. Above all, he concerns himself with the nation's prestige, a much abused property which Nitze defines sensibly as the belief of others that the nation has the will and capability to do what it says and "the respect and agreement which the other nations and peoples hold for what they understand to underly a nation's policy."

Nitze, Bowie, and Price see the potential powers of the secretaryship as practically coextensive with those of the Presidency. None is attracted by such current proposals as that for a First Secretary in the Executive branch. In their view the Secretary of State already has enough power to knock heads together. All he needs is certainty that the President will back him up. They are fully conscious of the point Charles Burton Marshall makes in his "Limit of Foreign Policy"—that the Secretary cannot control events or conditions abroad but can only try to devise suitable responses to them. All three, however, feel that it is open to a Secretary to achieve some success, and, as Price puts it, the measure of this success is not the Secretary's own contentment but the safety and welfare of the free world.

IN THE wisest and liveliest contribution to a uniformly sage and provocative book, former Secretary Acheson confirms their formulas. In relations with the President, he writes, "it is highly desirable that from first to last both parties . . . understand which is the President. . . . The other obligation, only a bit less important . . . though less often achieved, is recognizing who is Secretary of State." Like the other contributors, Acheson sees no need for major reorganization. He condemns certain proposals as "incorporating the defects of Defense Department organization into the State Department," others as likely to give "the President and the Secretary plenty of time to think and talk but not much to think and talk about." All the essayists make it plain that the power and usefulness of a Secretary of State depend almost altogether on the extent of the President's confidence and reliance. With the advantage of his own experience, Acheson adds that under the right conditions the post can be a satisfaction and a joy.

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THE CIVIL WAR

The Books Echo the Battles

The next major movement in Civil War publishing and bookselling might very well be in remainders—in the cheap sale of publishers' overstocks of books too enthusiastically issued in anticipation of the boom expected in the centennial years 1961-1965. But no matter how vigorous a boom can be promoted to create general interest in the war it will probably dissipate itself in frivolities of reenactments of battles, touristic celebrations in Gettysburg and a score of Southern cities, and waving of Confederate flags. For centennial commemorations portend more celebration than cerebration and too, too little understanding of what all the shouting is about.

By Richard B. Harwell, *editor of numerous Civil War books, including "The Union Reader" and "The Confederate Reader."*

THE CIVIL WAR boom began a long time ago—in a sense with the war itself, in a more pertinent sense with the fabulous success in 1936 of Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With the Wind." It piled book on book during the 1950s, till the cartoon of a reader suffering battle fatigue is certainly truth spoken in jest and *Punch's* portrayal of one of Sherman's bummers declaring, "So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea—and it damn near drove me crazy" is surely all too accurate.

But still they come. Civil War books adorn recent publishers' lists in alarming numbers. Strangely (and fortunately), the net result of too many books is the publication among them of more fine books than ever before, but, since publishers, reviewers, and even readers are too often prone to promote the meretricious at the expense of quality, there is a very real danger that the few really good books may be lost in competition with too many poor ones.

The big boys for the season are Bruce Catton's admirable "The American Heritage Picture Book of the Civil War," Paul Angle's and Earl Miers's excellent and inclusive anthology, "Tragic Years, 1860-1865" [see page 13], Clifford Dowdey's "Lee's Last Campaign," and Allan Nevins's "War Becomes Revolution, 1862-1863" [*SR*, Nov. 12]. However, these are not the only fine new Civil War books, and a number of good ones might very well be lost in the shuffle if some special attention is not called to them.

Such a book is Arnold Whitridge's **"No Compromise!"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4), a unified series of three long essays on the coming of the Civil War and the men who brought it about or tried to head it off. "No Compromise!" is so straightforward in its history, so competently written, so solid in its interpretation that it might all too easily be overlooked in the welter of sensational, overwritten, "new approaches" to the history of the war.

An understanding of the growth of Southern sectionalism, of Northern abolitionism, of the political development of the United States during the generation preceding the war is essential to understanding the history of the war itself. In brief compass Mr. Whitridge's account of the fanatics North and South and of the era's too few men of peace sets a background for the story of the war that followed.

Of those fanatics who eventually succeeded in making the war inevitable he writes:

> That there were real grievances and anxieties in both sections of the country was obvious. These men did not create the grievances, but by their incessant propaganda they so upset the emotional balance North and South that any suggestion of conciliation, any appeal to common sense, was made to appear like treason or cowardice in disguise. . . . Never has the cry "no compromise" been raised with more terrible results.

If there is a reason for learning history it is that we profit by the mistakes of the past. Such a book as Mr. Whitridge's can lead us in this direction. He writes neither rehashed reportage nor opinionated interpretation, for those things are not historical writing in the best sense. This book is.

Current writing of Civil War history tends to become more and more specialized. This past fall's books include three new ones about Civil War music, one on Confederate weapons, one on Confederate uniforms, personal narratives of a Yankee drummer boy and of a Confederate chaplain. Fairfax Downey's **"Storming of the Gateway"** (McKay, $5.50) is an account of the campaign to capture Chattanooga in 1863, Edwin Glovers **"Bucktailed Wildcats"** (Yoseloff, $5.95) the story of a regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, Wilfred Yearns's **"The Confederate Congress"** (University of Georgia Press, $5) a thorough review of the personnel and actions of that extraordinary political body.

Eric McKitrick's **"Andrew Johnson and Reconstruction"** (University of Chicago Press, $8.50) and Herschel Gower's and Jack Allen's **"Pen and Sword"** (Tennessee Historical Commission, $6.50) are, in part at least, Civil War books. The flow of reprints continues with three new titles in the University of Indiana's Civil War Centennial Series and a new edition of Robert E. Lee, Jr.'s "Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee" as **"My Father, General Lee"** (Doubleday, $5.95). Burke Davis's **"Our Incredible Civil War"** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95) and B. A. Botkin's **"A Civil War Treasury of Tales, Legends and Folklore"** (Random House, $7.95) are entertaining historical gallimaufries.

—From "The American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War."

"Long Abraham Lincoln" appeared in *Harper's* after he won 2nd term.

Among these books the most solid history is doubtless in Mr. Yearns's "The Confederate Congress." The politicians of a defeated government leave little to endear them to posterity. Their mistakes are writ large in the documentary history of their times and stand out unobscured by the recollection of gallant or heroic performances on the battlefield. Mr. Yearns tells the story of the ill-fated Confederate Congress more fully than it has

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ever before been told. "The Confederate Congress" is a book full of detail, sometimes exceedingly interesting, sometimes of interest only to the specalist. All the detail, however, adds up simply to the historian's own summary sentences in his preface: "Whatever it did, Congress was unable to make a good reputation for itself. . . . While originating few major policies, it probably meddled too much with those of the administration. In all that it did, however, Congress gave the impression of a devoted body hard at work." Though this is a view at variance with many contemporary comments on a tobacco-chewing, goober-gobbling body of rural politicians, it is a well-buttressed and, probably, accurate one. "The Confederate Congress" is not the most scintillating book of the season, but it is solid, worth-while history.

"**The Singing Sixties**" (University of Oklahoma Press, $8.95) is an exceptionally handsome and diverting book. Unfortunately, it misses its mark by being replete with errors of both fact and interpretation. Its authors, Willard and Porter Heaps, seem to be more interested in retailing an entertaining myth than in writing good history. The book fares badly in any comparison with "**Songs of the Civil War**" (Columbia University Press, $7.50) by Irwin Silber and Jerry Silverman.

JAMES I. Robertson, Jr.'s editing of James Longstreet's "**From Manassas to Appomattox**" (Indiana University Press, $8.95) is the most interesting of three new titles, all books by Confederate generals, in Indiana's reprint series. This series has rapidly improved and its accumulation of important Civil War titles now amounts to a distinguished group of books. Mr. Robertson's introduction to the Longstreet volume is an improvement on the good work he did earlier in the year for a similar reprint of Sarah Morgan Dawson's "**A Confederate Girl's Diary.**" Similarly, Frank E. Vandiver's introduction to Indiana's new edition of Jubal A. Early's "**War Memoirs**" (Indiana University Press, $7.50) is a considerable improvement over his earlier work with General Joseph E. Johnston's "A Narrative of Military Operations." A sort of antithetical companion piece to Johnston's narrative is John B. Hood's "**Advance and Retreat**" (Indiana University Press, $6). This title has been prepared in its new edition by Richard N. Current, a distinguished addition to the roster of editors for the series. His brief foreword to Hood's contentious, controversial book is an admirable and sober bit of writing about a man whose very mention is not unlikely to arouse bitter renewals of the old argument of Hood versus Johnston among die-hard Confederate Civil War buffs.

"My Father, General Lee" is important as the most intimate revelation of the Southerner sans peer. While Lee was, as Mr. Stern points out, "more adept with the sword than the pen," he wrote fully and often to his family, and the picture of the man drawn from these letters is as impressive as any in the long range of biographies of the general. Stern's accurate, simple, and effective introduction is an asset to this new edition, even if the unnecessarily jazzed-up title is not.

A professional writer, Fairfax Downey is rapidly becoming a very sound historian. His "The Guns at Gettysburg" was a good book. "Storming the Gateway" is better. Despite some overgaudy paragraphs, his writing is sharp, fast-moving, and straightforward. He recognizes the importance of the war in the West and sets the campaigning around Chattanooga in 1863 in good perspective without making extravagant claims for the Western armies in comparison with the two great opposing forces in northern Virginia.

Edwin A. Glover is a lawyer by profession, but it is typical of Civil War books that it is not just professional historians or professional authors who write them. Everybody gets into the act—even librarians like myself. And Glover's "Bucktailed Wildcats" is very creditable proof that amateurs can write good history. This is a valuable contribution to the new type of regimental history that began in 1957 with the publication of John J. Pullen's "The Twentieth Maine."

"**With Sherman to the Sea**" (John Day, $4) is an intriguing little book. It is the story of drummer boy Corydon Edward Foote of the Federal Army of the Cumberland, as told to Olive Deane Hormel and slightly edited by Elizabeth Yates. This three-way authorship of memoirs—particularly when they originated in the telling of them by a veteran past ninety—makes the book more than a little suspect as history. But the spirit of the retelling is sound, and the story, be it fact or fiction, has a ring of accuracy. Though it fails as solid history, it has considerable appeal as an adult book that will be particularly useful in introducing younger readers to the war.

ANY record of such an unusual participant in the war as James B. Sheeran, a Catholic chaplain of the Society of Redemptorists, is bound to be of some interest. "**Confederate Chaplain**" (Bruce, $3.50), Father Joseph Durkin's editing of Father Sheeran's narrative, fails to live up to expectations. Father Sheeran's journal is disjointed and uneven. Though present at many important spots he had little that is interesting or illuminating to say about his experiences. Portions of the volume will be of use to future historians, but this is not a strong enough or full enough narrative to appeal highly to the general reader.

Though "Pen and Sword" and "Andrew Johnson and Reconstruction" are only incidentally Civil War books, they are both good, scholarly treatments of important aspects of Tennessee and United States history. It is to their credit that they are not overemphasized as war books.

Mr. Botkin's "A Civil War Treasury of Tales, Legends, and Folklore" is a fun book for Civil War fans of any age or grade. In this respect it is much like Burke Davis's "Our Incredible Civil War." Mr. Botkin's collection is, however, a bigger book, a less personal book, and a very handsome book. It is a wise winnowing of fact and fable, of short, anecdotal pieces that cumulatively give a survey of the human-interest side of the war. It is not a book to be taken too seriously nor to be read straight through, but taken lightly and in broken doses it will provide extended amusement.

—From "The American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War."

Lee's veterans furl the Stars and Bars for the last time. A painting by Richard Brooke.

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The Scholar Looks at 1860-65

"The American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War," edited by Richard M. Ketchum and other editors of American Heritage, *with a narrative by Bruce Catton (American Heritage-Doubleday. 2 Vols. 632 pp. $19.95), and* ***"Tragic Years 1860-1865," edited by Paul M. Angle and Earl Schenck Miers*** *(Simon & Schuster. 2 Vols. 1,051 pp. $15), record through eyewitness accounts and contemporary pictures the sundering of the states a century ago. E. B. Long, Civil War author and editor, is research director of the Centennial History of the Civil War.*

By E. B. Long

THE AMERICAN Civil War was fought by thousands of soldiers and endured by millions who did not fight, but who were there. How better may we span a century than to hear the words and to see the scenes of that shattering-of-lives than through the photographs, sketches, and paintings of that day and to contemplate many of the same scenes as they appear today?

Despite the almost overwhelming and at times ridiculous outpouring of books on the Civil War there is every year a small handful of titles of true merit, books to outlive the repetitive, hasty, amateurish, tossed-together volumes of these Centennial years. To produce such lasting books requires scholars who have had long years of intimate association with the war period, who have an encyclopedic knowledge of the myriad source materials, who have the editorial perception to grasp the most effective work of previous writers and artists, and who have the creative sensitivity to weld all these together. We are dealing with two sets of volumes in which the above requirements are more than met.

Yet these exceedingly capable historians have not depended alone upon their own masterful grasp of history. They have made the span of years seem as nothing by utilizing the efforts of the eyewitnesses who wrote about their war and the photographers and artists who preserved for us on paper, canvas, and wet process plate the sights and sense of the Sixties. Paul M. Angle, with his "Lincoln Reader," led the way for the now popular and often effective "reader" books in which the chronological story is created by weaving selected excerpts from contemporary writings into a whole. He and Earl Schenck Miers, an editor and historian of equally adroit judgment, have combined their experiences of reliving the Civil War after the event with those who lived it personally. So, too, have Richard Ketchum, his dedicated staff, and the eminent historian Bruce Catton.

In "Tragic Years 1860-1865" Angle and Miers have used primary printed material, often well known, yet significant, plus a few pertinent original manuscripts. Wisely they have not hesitated to add the writings of current critics and historians when they are most effective.

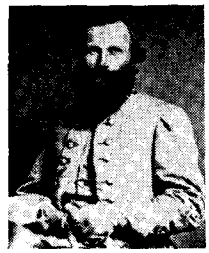
Since two other similar and worthwhile volumes of recent years utilize basically the same method, it may be wondered if another was needed. Yet these authors have achieved some notable differences. Most of the more familiar events are given full, adequate coverage, although, of course, the selection and condensation necessitated by the immense bulk of available material make the choice of the passages an arbitrary one. But the overwhelming major battles have not blinded them to the multitudinous small happenings and such factors as the Navy, the soldier, and the home front. For, as they put it succinctly, "a big loose country was fighting a big loose war." The Indian difficulties in Minnesota are a bloody intrusion in the North-South battling, and the simultaneous cataclysms of Gettysburg and Vicksburg are presented together as they happened, not treated as isolated set pieces.

The "martial image" of the leaders of war is not neglected, nor is the omnipresent issue of slavery, which made the Civil War "a profound social revolution." While the eyewitnesses are always allowed to speak for themselves, the authors' penetrating connecting passages skilfully fill in many gaps.

Both North and South receive reasonably balanced, objective treatment, though more space is devoted to Northern activities than to Southern. Unfortunately, some of the maps reprinted from older books are sketchy, of poor quality, and have uncorrected inaccuracies.

Angle and Miers make the "Tragic Years" seem more than ever unutterably tragic. For "Americans, somewhat to their surprise, discovered that they always had been in dead earnest about their quarrel." And when the armies were discharged and Johnny went home to his farm or city, "a great many Americans had stumbled upon themselves in a new dimension."

These new dimensions can be sensed also in the admirable "Picture History of the Civil War." The dimensions here drawn are similarly not all of battles and fighting, but of politics, the prewar era, the economic situation, foreign affairs, slavery, propaganda, spies, reports, the Navy, and all. Here also is the Civil War as it was then and as it

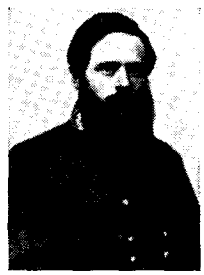


J. E. B. Stuart, CSA.

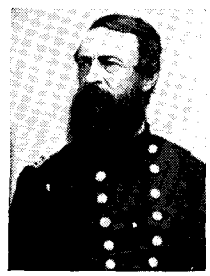
Geo. H. Thomas, USA.

James Longstreet, CSA.

J. B. McPherson, CSA.



Fitzhugh Lee, CSA.



David D. Porter, USN.

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is today seen through the perspective of a century.

This set is certainly the finest presentation of Civil War pictures ever published. The editors have shown that research does not mean just delving into manuscripts and obscure printed sources. It also means combing the country for photographs, postwar art work, sketches done at the time by both professional and amateur artists, and then sending expert photographers to the scenes to capture the same areas as they are today. The familiar Brady photographs, the often flamboyant line drawings of a host of able artists are here, along with many new or rarely seen reproductions of paintings.

Interwoven with the sights of the war is Mr. Catton's clean-cut, spirited, dramatic, and objective text, written with his usual perception, care, and ability to condense much meaning into a few words. For instance, he epitomizes the American citizen soldier North and South as "unmilitary but exceedingly warlike."

The blending of the story told by the eye and the story told by words makes this a composite history. Then too, the battle maps, beautifully drawn in a stylized perspective form, make the viewer feel as if he were witnessing the action from one of the observation balloons. They are maps to catch the eye and enable the average reader to grasp the battle pattern.

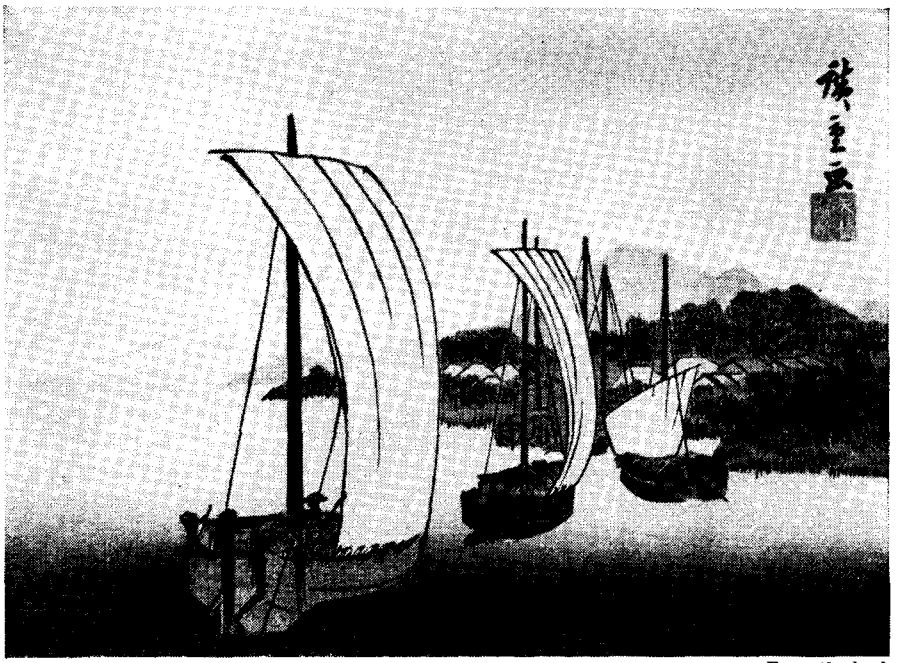
Students may carp about the amount of space given one event or the other, about engagements that have been left out, and about a few minor errors. One may well wonder why Edmund Ruffin is credited with firing one of the first shots of the war when this has been discredited. Despite the map, there are no Chickasaw Bluffs at Vicksburg, and "Andrews" should be Governor John A. Andrew of Massachusetts. But these slip-ups and others are secondary and by no means decrease the over-all effect.

A band of artists working under fire and completing their works behind the lines, the photographers in their primitive black wagons which served as dark rooms, represent in themselves part of the spirit of this land, part of the enterprise, the determination to struggle for beliefs, to fight, if necessary to sacrifice all.

Thanks to the years of true research and conscientious dedication of the authors of both books, we are privileged to see, to hear, and to feel the American Civil War. War in its tragedy, in its unpredictable bursts of greatness, is spread before us in these volumes. And at the end we see the row upon row of unknown—lying forever under the trees of this, their common homeland.

FICTION

Tokyo Keystone Comedy



—*From the book.*

"Hizakurige or Shank's Mare," by Ikku Jippensha; *translated by Thomas Satchell (Charles Tuttle. 385 pp. $7.50), chronicles the zany adventures of two lusty traditional clowns. A prolific author, Robert Payne has long been familiar with this Japanese classic. Among his many books are "The Barbarian and the Geisha," "White Pony; An Anthology of Chinese Poetry," and "The Splendor of Greece."*

By Robert Payne

IN THE year 1802 a darkly saturnine young man, a minor wit and roisterer in Tokyo, a friend of the great artist Utamaro, and like Utamaro a happy frequenter of the red-light districts, wrote a book that was at once recognized as a classic. The book was "Hizakurige," which can be translated "Knee Chestnut Horse," which is roughly "Shank's Mare." It is the story of the adventures of two clowns—Yajirobei and Kitahachi—who might have stepped straight out of the Keystone comedies as they make their way on foot along the great Tokaido road joining Tokyo and Kyoto.

Ikku Jippensha, the author of the book, is said to have been an unsmiling, taciturn man, and much the same was said of Cervantes. He possessed a divine wit and an intense appreciation of the ludicrous, and he could tell endless stories about Yaji and Kita, those two disreputable clowns who were his chief study and delight; he liked them so much that he continued to write about them at intervals for the next twenty years.

Yaji and Kita are Mutt and Jeff, Laurel and Hardy, and the Crazy Gang all rolled into two. They batten on the world, but they also batten on the mischief in themselves. They are endlessly at odds with the world, but find amusement in their own bedevilment. They are slap-happy, utterly immoral, and possess a characteristically Japanese resourcefulness. This resourcefulness is typified by the famous story of the man who explains why he sold all his property to buy boxes. His reasons were very simple. Because there were high winds in Tokyo, there would be a good deal of dust in people's eyes, and many would go blind, and the blind ones would want to become musicians playing on the samisen, and there would be more samisens made, and therefore more cat-gut would have to be found and more cats killed, and

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so there would be a great increase of rats, which would gnaw all the boxes, and trade in boxes would flourish. Some nursery rhymes follow the same obbly curve, remaining wonderfully e to life. Or listen to Yaji describing ie people of Kyoto:

> Kyoto people are generally frightfully stingy. Last time I went there was in March, when all the flowers were in full bloom. The people were all sitting outside surrounded by curtains and admiring the flowers, and eating of magnificent embossed lacquer boxes. But what do you think they were eating? Pickles and bean-powder. I was astonished.

Of course he is not astonished, any more than Jimmy Durante is astonished when a piano disintegrates under his hands; astonishment is his perpetual pleasure, and he lives in a blissful, bawdy world of permanent disintegration. And likes it.

"SHANK'S MARE" is a glazing masterpiece, and it is good to have it in this sumptuous edition illustrated with color reproductions of Hiroshige's prints.

The translation by Thomas Satchell has been done so well that you have the impression of reading it in the original Japanese.

The Bumbling of Timid Souls

"Collected Short Stories," by Conrad Aiken *(World. 566 pp. $6), describes the spiritual aristocrats whose aloofness from life leads them to lonely bitterness. Henry Popkin is visiting professor of English at New York University.*

By Henry Popkin

CONRAD AIKEN enjoys the distinctive fate of being famous for not being famous enough. He is a talented, versatile man of letters who has never, whether as a poet, a novelist, or a critic, won the acclaim he deserved. A few years ago a collection of his stories sank without a trace, but Aiken's admirers are persistent, and consequently we have the present volume, armed with a preface by Mark Schorer and designed to give him at last the attention that is rightfully his.

These are stories of another time, of thoughts and attitudes that writers no longer record. If one great literary influence is present, it is that of Henry James, whose name occasionally turns up in the stories. Like James, Aiken is the historian of the individual sensibility, and, like James, he finds the most delicate sensibilities in some sort of social aristocracy. But, few as aristocrats may have been when James wrote, they are even harder to find in Aiken's time, and so Aiken extends the category of his interest to include aristocrats—or social climbers—of the spirit and the mind. Aiken examines class differences, spiritual and intellectual isolation, and that obsession with purity which is fostered by the idea of superiority.

His range has its limitations, but it is broad enough to encompass a considerable variety of stories. Many of them turn about the question of whether or how one can stoop to enter the rich, dark, secret life of passion and impurity. Usually, his characters withhold themselves; they remain aloof, untarnished, and uninvolved. Often their resistance is inhuman and ludicrous, and they suffer at last the pang of bitter regret. In one story we read: "Five years have passed. . . . I desperately want to see her again—why? Am I still in love with her?" Another ends with the hero sadly resolving to "look up at the three windows which had once belonged to Eunice."

THE self-centered observer of life is nowhere examined more ironically than in "No, No, Go Not to Lethe." A cold-blooded intellectual studies life but avoids involvement. He meets a girl who is nearly acceptable to him; among her other virtues, "she had not bobbed her hair." Friendship flourishes till he confesses, "I was deliberately experimenting with you," but humanely urges her not to end her life. She drops him, the remorse becomes his, and it is her pleasure to return the same advice. One theme of this story is also the theme of "The Ambassadors," by Aiken's master: it is important to live and not to be merely a spectator of the human race.

Several stories concern conservative, studious, timid men who encounter lively women of doubtful reputation and inferior social rank. The men tend to be rather prissy; we gather that, like their creator, they would put the word "bunk" in quotation marks. Like Eunice's admirer, many have been marked for life by "all sorts of absurd Puritan inhibitions." Perhaps the most extreme example is the preacher's son who urges Platonic love upon a hot-blooded Cuban chorus girl. Others are obviously, broadly ludicrous, like the imbecile American tourist of "The Necktie," who unwittingly stumbles into an adventure with a Parisian prostitute, and the hesitant hero of "Spider, Spider," who dearly loves a "shy arbutus" of a girl but is swallowed alive by a rapacious woman who is compared to a wolf, a leopard, and a serpent.

Some of the stories are further off center, but the same forces are in play. A child is concealed behind a private barrier of hallucination, "a secret screen of new snow between himself and the world." A different barrier separates another youngster from the wild, violent life of his community's family of ne'er-do-wells. Or we can observe the contrast between old and new in "The Last Visit," in which a young matron uses a call on her kindly, ancient grandmother as a cover for her sordid, modern love affair.

Invariably, these are stories of the pathos of change, stories of the painful loss of experiences that are foregone and consequently missed forever. But if Aiken's range is narrow, he compensates by the virtue of his defect: he penetrates more deeply. He explores and records the bumbling ambivalences of his timid souls with tact, delicacy, and skill of the highest order.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 910

P CNNL APB DSFNAO ANEXPFH GNF (ODNZ OMTHDO GN MRR P CFSK): ODNPE FMGNA MEN KDMO MFW KDZ MFW KDNF MFW DSK MFW KDNEN MFW KDS.

—CPLRPFH.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 909

Great God, I ask thee for no meaner pelf than that I may not disappoint myself.

—THOREAU.

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The Last of the Aristocrats

"Journey Into the Blue," by Gusztav Rab *(Pantheon. 381 pp. $4.95), tells of dispossessed, upper-class Magyars, whose misfortunes under the Communists the well-known Hungarian author shared for seven years. Linda Cateura's critical forte is Continental fiction.*

By Linda Cateura

AFTER Hungary became a police state, thousands of its citizens, including former bankers, judges, generals, princes, businessmen, their wives and children, were removed from Budapest and sent to dusty, poverty-stricken villages. "Journey Into the Blue" follows a band of such exiles to Tiszapocs, a pilot Socialist community near the no-man's land of the Hungarian desert. When they arrive, harassed and tottering behind carts that bear their last pitiful possessions, they are welcomed by schoolchildren who chant, "Proletarians of Tiszapocs! Unite against the cowardly bourgeoisie! Death to our internal, internal, inter-r-nal enemies!" Thus begins an incredible tragi-comic chronicle of human degradation.

Tiszapocs is run by a local Party fanatic, Mrs. Bacso, a former domestic servant. As a young girl she had been seduced and made pregnant in her attic quarters by an idle aristocrat. Since then the one emotion of her life has been a maniacal hatred of the upper classes. She, together with her two Party henchmen, the Laughing Shepherd and Lieutenant Dolgos, set upon a course of action designed to make life miserable for the deportees.

At Mrs. Bacso's orders, these relics of feudal Hungary are housed in hovels and shacks. They sleep four and five in a room, strangers with strangers, the sick with the well, the titled with the untitled. To earn money to buy food, they fatten pigs, dig ditches in the desert, sell twigs for firewood. They are a gypsy and colorful band, with all their weaknesses showing. There is Count Draxler, African game hunter and outdoorsman who wears an Indian helmet and rubs snow into his hairy chest on winter mornings; Donat Jamborka, a lepidopterologist who chases butterflies around the countryside; plump Mrs. Windelband, widow of the attorney general, who still proudly wears elbow-length lace gloves and silk dresses. The novel's most moving passages describe how some of these people make the transition from prominence to obscurity, how a few emerge with dignity, how others fail.

The actual hero is Akos Balazs, but his story is rather dull. A fifty-eight-year-old deportee, he is a typical product of the *ancien régime:* a wealthy nobleman who has fruitlessly spent his life in pursuit of a passion—in his case, the love of a married woman. Emotionally bankrupt and friendless, Akos comes to Tiszapocs and, in a twist of fate, it is here that he achieves personal salvation. Unfortunately, his humanization is sentimental and melodramatic.

The style tends toward repetition, but the book is nonetheless worthy. With knowledge and understanding, it reveals a seldom-explored corner of the Communist world and the people in it: disrupted aristocrats with all their fears, strengths, outrageous pride, bounce, and comic qualities. The Communists are drawn with equal skill and compassion. Throughout, the author is wise and sparing. He makes his sad story endurable by provoking laughter in tragic situations.

NEUROTIC ADOLESCENT: At the center of William Wood's novel, **"The Fit"** (Macmillan, $4.50), stands a lonely, introverted, and acutely neurotic adolescent named Willard McGann. "Wetmore," for that is his nickname, is a trial to his teachers at Warrington Preparatory School in New England, where most of the novel's action takes place; he is a trial to his aunt in New York, and to Mo Slater, his roommate and only campus friend.

There can be no doubt that Willard McGann is an unhappy youth, theoretically worthy of our commiseration. But he does not excite it. He cannot, for we are never allowed to feel what Willard feels or to suffer what Willard suffers; we are only allowed to glimpse Willard's reactions through the unperceptive eyes of others, and because of this barrier that the author has unwisely erected, the boy remains a shadowy, wraithlike figure from first to last.

There is nothing shadowy or wraithlike, however, about Mo Slater, Willard's roommate. Mo is the other protagonist of "The Fit," a laconic, jive-talking teen-ager whose only discernible enthusiasms are playing, listening to, or talking about jazz. Why Mr. Wood decided that Mo Slater would interest non-jazz addicts it is difficult to say; it is even more difficult to guess why he decided that Mo Slater's limited perceptions and stunted imagination made him the ideal witness to many of the critical moments that precede Willard's mental breakdown.

Mr. Wood writes for the most part in an unpretentious and quite readable style and garnishes many of his prep school scenes with realistic touches. He has done his story two grave disservices, though, the first when he shaped the shallow character of Mo Slater, the second when he constructed his novel in such a way as to place Willard McGann beyond the reader's sympathy.

—WILLIAM WISE.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ONE-SHOT OPERA COMPOSERS

Many a great composer, prolific in instrumental and vocal music, has written only one genuine opera. Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, lists ten such unique works and asks you to match each with its creator. Answers on page 21.

1. "Dafne"	( ) Béla Bártok
2. "Dido and Aeneas"	( ) Ludwig van Beethoven
3. "Die Loreley" (unfinished)	( ) Ernest Bloch
4. "Duke Bluebeard's Castle"	( ) Claude Debussy
5. "Fidelio"	( ) George Gershwin
6. "Guinevere"	( ) Felix Mendelssohn
7. "Macbeth"	( ) Sir Hubert H. Parry
8. "Pélleas et Mélisande"	( ) Henry Purcell
9. "Porgy and Bess"	( ) Heinrich Schütz
10. "The Maid in the Tower"	( ) Jean Sibelius

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FERTILE VISION

The Quest for Impressions

"Monet," by William C. Seitz *(Abrams. 160 pp. $15), recreates the many planes of the Impressionist's existence. Dore Ashton is the author of "Abstract Art Before Columbus."*

By Dore Ashton

HE IS no longer a painter but a hunter, wrote Guy de Maupassant after witnessing Monet's ceaseless quest for impressions. De Maupassant referred to the physical aspects of Monet's existence—his errant life as a *plein air* painter seeking motifs—but he also suggested the distinguishing moral characteristic of Monet's temperament: an ability to endure to the end of the trial of unremitting search.

It is not easy to synopsize the delicate transitions in an artist's esthetic journeying. Still less is it easy to discern what the search is about. Monet himself described it as a "search for the impossible." For Mr. Seitz it would have been simple enough to give the facts of Monet's life, a history of the Impressionist movement, and a classical historian's reading of the forty-eight more than decent color plates in his book. But he, like his subject, goes well beyond this. His is a book that never follows art historian's formulae, never gets cluttered with secondary personal detail, and never for a moment ignores that the subject is an artist and therefore ultimately out of range of fixed images.

"It would be hazardous to list the characteristics of Monet's style," Mr. Seitz says, for example. "Unlike a studio landscapist, who inevitably repeats his own mannerisms, he was led by variations in light, atmosphere, and season to marked differences in treatment from motif to motif." The extraordinary variety in Monet's images or, rather, his aspirations, is really the subject of Mr. Seitz's study.

He discerns two divergent tendencies in Monet influencing both his choice of motifs and their treatment: one rough and daring, the other subtle, elegant. The tendencies remain constant throughout Monet's life, leading him to paint the most tender studies of light glossing a field and the most vigorous, chopping, rude impressions of rock and rushing water within the same month. Given the complexity of Monet's vision, the art critic's task, met admirably here, is complicated to say the least.

Monet, whom Mr. Seitz regards as "the greatest interpreter of weather," established his themes early. His childhood was passed on the coast of Normandy, where "he learned to know the most fugitive and powerful of nature's forces and gained a fisherman's sensitivity to weather." His later predilection for wild landscapes and pounding seas was a natural consequence of his hardy youth.

The most crucial encounter of his career was with Eugène Boudin, whose intimate studies of coastal life at first inspired Monet with "intense aversion" but whose principle of retaining "one's first impression" was to become Monet's trampolin.

In the early 1860s Monet was in Paris, exposed to a healthy climate of painterly revolt. Though he loved Delacroix's color, Monet was susceptible to the audacious stand of Courbet and the anti-romantic new Realists. Like them, he was interested in painting visible and tangible modern life. Mr. Seitz makes an important critical point concerning the influence of Realism on Monet: Given his already strong individualism—almost naïve in its disregard for precedent—Monet was able to transform the Realists' expansion of subject matter into significant changes in form. Already the demands of his subjects had modified his palette; soon they were to modify his touch and establish him as the most thoroughly Impressionist painter.

Mr. Seitz takes exception to the oversimplifications of Monet's and Impressionism's development. "The beginning of Impressionism has often been outlined as a causal chain activated by Courbet's realism, continued by Manet and resulting in the art of Monet, Renoir and Pissarro, yet these steps can be as misleading as they are convenient." He shows in his book the imponderabilia that helped to shape Monet, and the real character of Impressionism, defined by Jules Laforgue as "subject and object irretrievably in motion." No laws of causality are effective in the history of art.

Certainly Monet's development could not be neatly graphed. His hesitations and recapitulations, his struggle with the same motifs over years do not add up in a linear but in a vertical way. Monet painted the same things repeatedly, but not in the same way. The *style* of Monet is what Mr. Seitz has effectively analyzed. He defines Monet's historical role: to elevate the improvised technique of the sketch—the only means of realistically painting events in process—to a

—From the book.

"Boats in Winter Quarters, Etretat," by Monet.

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final solution. Monet's final solutions are his style.

Mr. Seitz follows up this analysis with one of the most significant arguments in his book. He notes that although Impressionism began as an empirical movement, in the hands of Monet it became even "classical" at times. Throughout his career Monet was interested both in curvilinear rhythms and rectilinear forms. While he did not alter or rearrange his motifs much, he did select them with a feeling for their compositional coherence. More important, his great sense for the play of verticals and horizontals led him to paint views of Westminster Bridge, poplars, cathedrals, and Venetian palazzos with novel structural compositional solutions.

Mr. Seitz rightly pursues the role of geometry, pointing out that Monet prefigured the neo-Impressionists, the Cubists, and even Mondrian (of the poplars: 'Monet has given hypersensitive concern to their placing within the square frame, involving himself in an experience of horizontality and verticality in nature similar to that which twenty years later was to lead Mondrian toward abstract and spaceless art").

At the last, when Monet reached his apogee and was already both literally and spiritually a twentieth-century painter, he worked on his great cycle of water garden paintings. These magnificent syntheses, bordering on abstraction, have been seen as heralds of contemporary abstract expressionism. Although Mr. Seitz clearly indicates the many areas in which Monet and the current painter could meet, he uses sound judgment and characteristic reserve in "placing" Monet's last works: "Monet had always sensed a level of reality on the threshold of, or inaccessible to vision; yet, except in rare instances, his art never crossed the borderline between appearances and metaphysics, or between Impressionism and expressionistic or abstract painting."

The Fine and Frivolous Arts

"The American Imagination" *(Atheneum. 210 pp. $4.50) is a collection of essays from the Times Literary Supplement of London, dealing with aspects of American "creativity," ranging from poetry to advertising and from television to historical research. Sydney J. Harris was born in England, but has spent most of his adult life as a journalist in Chicago, where he is a columnist for General Features. He is the author of the collected essays "Majority of One" and "Strictly Personal."*

By Sydney J. Harris

IN TYPICALLY English fashion, Alan Pryce-Jones introduces this anonymous evaluation of "The American Imagination" with the disarming admission that the subject is hazardous, the task presumptuous, and the very title itself paradoxical.

Stephen Potter would doubtless identify such a modest disclaimer as a form of literary gamesmanship—spiking the critics' guns before the target is hauled into view—and it is a form at which the English writer in the university tradition is especially adept.

Like many admirers of the *Times Literary Supplement* of London, I was pleased last year to see a special number of that distinguished organ devoted to an appraisal of the fine, the frivolous, and the more feral arts in the United States. It was a civilized, informed, and more than usually interesting project in literary journalism; and its chief usefulness lay in providing the educated British reader with a judicious (if highly compressed) summation of American achievements as well as failures in the whole spectrum of our intellectual activities.

Published as a book, however, for distribution on this side of the Atlantic, "The American Imagination" loses much of its value. For one thing, the educated American reader already knows most of what the book tells him; and the uneducated reader couldn't care less. For another, the discrepancies in styles and judgments and levels of approach in a book assembled by "diverse hands" become more glaringly evident between hard covers than within the more eclectic pages of a magazine.

The essays on the theatre, for instance, both on and off Broadway, are scrappy little pieces of reportage, without much point or passion. The article on Hollywood is as full of "midcult" clichés as Hollywood itself is full of "masscult" clichés—if Dwight Macdonald will pardon the use of his handy terminology. And the estimate of U.S. television could have been written, with a few modifications, by a soap manufacturer.

ON THE other hand, a half dozen or so of the contributions gain rather than lose on second reading. That the short story rather than the novel has been our forte in the twentieth century is a thesis presented with taste, acumen, and intimate knowledge. Also excellent is "Eternal Verities," a discussion of modern poetry that pays just homage to some of our more neglected voices.

Also on the plus side are "The Reflecting Mirror," a brief but lucid examination of autobiography in the American temper; "Publish or Perish," a pungent criticism of the demands for sterile scholarship in the groves of academe; "A Vocal Group," which casts a sympathetic eye on the rising generation of Jewish writers here; "The New Grand Tour," a tight and sensible narration on American architecture, which is only slightly embarrassed by the fact that Frank Lloyd Wright is the sole native-born genius in that art, and "Religious Enthusiasm," a wryly accurate account of the way in which our "twin worship of the Golden Rule

"Before this project goes further, let's agree on the rights and duties of the Secretary General . . ."

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and the Golden Calf has usurped the veneration for the altar and the practice of the Presence."

These admirable studies, again, are balanced by such shallow observations as "Community on the Campus," whose author could have benefited enormously by a thorough reading of Robert Hutchins; by "Guys in Advertising," which says little, and that badly; by a mercifully terse estimate of the American woman, which is utter bilge, and by an anthropological sortie into the status of the Indian and the Negro, which might possibly interest Britons.

James Fenimore Cooper is praised in one essay and called "a bore to read" in the next. One writer thinks that "Americans are much better than most people at laughing at themselves" (this about a nation that has had no genuine social satire for more than a generation); while another sees rebellion, alienation, and self-consciousness as our most deeply rooted cultural attitudes.

Cultivated Americans are bound to wonder, also, why Hemingway is rated so highly, even though his product has steadily declined in quality for thirty years; why Kerouac is taken so seriously, despite his semiliterate effusions; why such resolute middlebrows as Brooks Atkinson and Rosamond Gilder are quoted in ecstatic praise of MacLeish's "J.B.," and why such vigorous but essentially trite musicals as "Annie Get Your Gun," "Damn Yankees," and "Pajama Game" are applauded as vital manifestations of American popular culture at its best.

All this is frightfully generous to us, and terribly polite, but neither illuminating nor discriminating—as when the author of the survey on serious music in America asserts blandly that "the split between the 'esoteric' and the 'popular' is not to be deplored. . . ." I have always thought that the aim of civilization was to forge an esthetic and emotional bond between the serious artist and the untutored audience; and the gravest charge against American culture is this bifurcation of eggheads and flatheads.

BUT since kind hearts are more than coronets (and "The American Imagination" is kind even when it deplores our excesses and smiles at our naïveté), we could forgive the authors and editors anything if, on page 90, we were not solemnly informed that the "fine" musical "Gypsy" stars Ethel Merman, who, among the "maternal images" of the musical stage, "is the greatest of them all." Merman as a maternal image in American life must surely give pause to all who would take this overseas appraisal of our national imagination seriously.

INTERNATIONAL RIDDLES

In Surcease of Crisis

"Challenge in the Middle East: Communist Penetration and American Policy," by Harry Ellis *(Ronald Press. 238 pp. $4), takes stock of a prickly international problem. John C. Campbell is director of political studies of the Council on Foreign Relations and author of "Defense of the Middle East."*

By John C. Campbell

THIS is a time of relative quiet in the Middle East, of apparent surcease from the annual recurrence of full-blown crisis we have been led to expect by the experience of the 1950s. It is as good a time as any to write a book about where we stand, taking stock of the past successes and future prospects of Soviet penetration and measuring the response of the United States to the challenges that confront us. Harry Ellis, a correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* who has had the Middle East as his beat for a number of years, has undertaken to do just that. The result is "Challenge in the Middle East: Communist Penetration and American Policy," (Ronald Press, $4), a book that shows balance and common sense if it falls short of distinction.

For obvious reasons Gamel Abdel Nasser, if not the hero, is the book's central character. All those Westerners who have faced the practical problems of working out a tenable policy in the Middle East, as well as those who have taken it upon themselves to support, oppose, or second-guess the men responsible for Western policy, have had to come to some conclusion on the vexed question of "how to deal with Nasser." Conclusions on the policies and the methods applied, naturally, have depended in large measure on the interpretation of the Arab dictator and his movement. Leading Western statesmen have been anything but consistent in their own views—though, admittedly, Nasser's own outbursts and gyrations did not help them toward consistency. And the Russians have made their share of miscalculations. Perhaps only the leaders of Israel have maintained an unchanging opinion of the Egyptian president.

Mr. Ellis supports what might be called the orthodox view held by the

"Since when do you celebrate the winter solstice?"

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great majority of American diplomats who have served in the Arab countries. It is that Arab good will is essential to the preservation of vital American interests in the Middle East; that Abdel Nasser, since 1952, has represented the strongest political forces in the Arab world; that he is not unalterably hostile to the West, and that we can and must find some *modus vivendi* with him and the nationalist movement. Mr. Ellis argues the case well and reviews the record of American policy critically from that standpoint. Thus he finds Ambassador Byroade right and Secretary Dulles wrong in 1955. He has harsh words for the Baghdad Pact and Eisenhower Doctrine. He gives justified praise to Ambassador Hare for the patient diplomacy which has brought us so far along the road back toward better relations with the United Arab Republic. Strangely, he applauds also the sending of U.S. troops to Lebanon in 1958, which was a nearly classic example (surpassed only by the Suez affair two years earlier) of the futility of attempting to protect Western interests by simultaneously entering into the lists against both Communist imperialism and Arab nationalism. We were lucky to come out of that particular adventure as well as we did.

"Challenge in the Middle East" will have its critics, especially those for whose taste the treatment of Abdel Nasser will be too naïve or that of American policy, especially on Palestine, too severe. It takes some stretching of the imagination, for example, to interpret Nasser's offer to make a settlement on Palestine based on carrying out all U.N. resolutions as a serious effort to break the stalemate with Israel. On another point, the estimate of his ability and determination to thwart Communist efforts to push into the Middle East and Africa may be too optimistic. There is a tendency to oversimplify the dilemmas the United States must still face in the Middle East, and to count too much on the extension of economic aid as the answer to problems that are essentially political.

But these are matters of opinion, and the author's judgment is entitled to respect. His book is substantially accurate in its facts. It contains, as an added bonus, a few interesting revelations (unfortunately but for understandable reasons not documented) on American diplomacy in Cairo in 1955 and 1956. The stress on looking at the Middle East from the broad viewpoint of American and free-world interests, rather than through pro-Israel or pro-Arab glasses, is entirely healthy. Because so many among the American public wear glasses of one tint or the other, the more widely the book is read the better.

Russian Propaganda and the West

"Soviet Leaders and Their Mastery Over Man," by Hadley Cantril *(Rutgers, 148 pp. Hardbound, $4. Paperback, $1.65), attempts to resolve a perplexing question about the USSR. Adam B. Ulam is the author of "The Unfinished Revolution."*

By Adam B. Ulam

BETWEEN 1945 and 1954 Russia was a veritable dark continent penetrated by but an infrequent traveler from the West. The post-Stalin regime decided, and has persisted in this decision despite some recent second thoughts on the subject, to allow and even encourage travel within the USSR.

One result of this has been a flood of books attempting to explain to the West and especially to America "why they behave like the Russians." Many of them are quite superficial, pervaded by wonderment that people who do not enjoy the benefit of a two-party system and a car for every family can still laugh and go about the business of everyday living. Other visitors more perceptive provide valuable and vivid impressions of Soviet society unencumbered by the expert's endless disquisition on who is up or down in the Kremlin hierarchy, whether the emphasis is being shifted from producers' to consumers' goods, etc., etc. Mr. Cantril, an eminent social psychologist, attempts to combine his professional expertise with a traveler's impressions in order "to resolve the perplexing riddle concerning the way in which Soviet leaders view the nature of man" and the extent of their success and failure in imposing their view on the society.

Mr. Cantril's effort is instructive and his conclusions are sound, but the limitations and defects of his study are already inherent in the way he phrases his task. Why the "perplexing dilemma"? Or rather, why should the dilemma of political motivations be more perplexing in the case of the Soviets than anywhere else? A citizen of the West contemplating a Presidential campaign in the U. S. or the decision to plunge the Congo into unavoidable chaos and the world into a consequent crisis may feel equally perplexed in judging the political motivations of *his* leaders and *their* view of the nature of man.

GOING still farther, Mr. Cantril states flatly, "It is obvious that the logic and reasoning of Soviet leaders cannot be understood in terms of traditional Western concepts." Indeed the opposite is largely true. The rough-hewn materialism and the passion for industrialization and expanding production which are so characteristic of the Soviet leaders and of the values they try to implant on their society are a straight inheritance, if debased, of Marxism. And Marxism itself took them over from some of the dominant strains of mid-nineteenth-century Western liberalism. It is only when we forget or disregard history, of the West as well as of Russia, that some of the main preoccupations of Soviet Communism appear to us so unique or so puzzling.

Every American psychologist would be both astounded and repelled by the fact that in the Soviet Union "any search for human motives not based on socio-economic determinants is . . . branded as some kind of 'idealism.'" But is this just a product of Soviet totalitarianism? How much sympathy would Freudian psychology have commanded from a nineteenth-century follower of Bentham or Comte?

The same trouble with the *mise en scène* hampers Professor Cantril when it comes to Russian history. It should be especially important to a social psychologist to realize that pre-revolutionary Russia was a very complex society and cannot be described simply as "a

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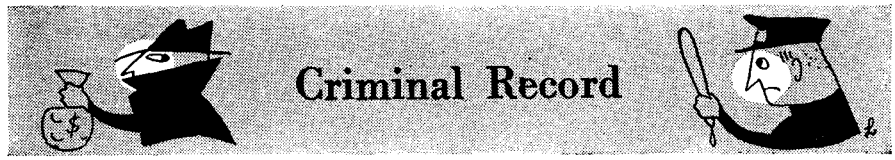
land of peasants emerging from feudalism with a wide and nearly unbridgeable gap between the tiny minority of privileged and educated people and the great masses." In 1914 Russian industry had been growing for two decades at a pace unparalleled elsewhere in Europe, a vigorous rural middle class was in the process of formation. And it must not be forgotten (as it often is in open-mouthed astonishment at the Soviet technical achievement) that pre-revolutionary Russia was one of the most advanced countries of Europe, not far behind Germany and France when it came to scientific research and especially pure science. It was precisely this vigorous social and intellectual development which was one of the sources of the revolution.

WHEN it comes to the main part of his study, Professor Cantril's professional expertise asserts itself. He is quick to spot and analyze the main themes of Soviet propaganda and has some penetrating remarks as to its extent and its limitations in dominating the mind of the people. He sees, and this is the main merit of his study, the process of indoctrination not as a senseless aberration on the part of the rulers, but as their rational recognition that an ideology is a necessary bulwark of the regime. "The danger facing Soviet leadership is not an imminent revolt to destroy the system, but rather a passive and apathetic attitude of its citizens toward it." The new slogans of catching up with and surpassing the United States denote the increasing "pragmatization" of everyday life and the consequent drying up of the revolutionary *élan*.

It is this last problem which holds both promise and danger: "With the ideology gone, only the naked power of the leaders would remain. . . ." The Soviet leaders might well conclude that an aggressive foreign policy and appeals to Soviet nationalism would fill in the vacuum created by the ideological erosion. Or, conversely, social and economic aspirations of its citizens might continue to modify Soviet totalitarianism, possibly at a faster pace than that allowed until now, leading to a more concrete and sincere policy of "coexistence." And so the really perplexing dilemma is that facing the West and its leaders: what policies will best check Soviet pushfulness without at the same time constraining the process of evolution going on in Soviet society.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 3, 6, 2, 1, 10.



THE SYCAMORE WARRIOR. *By John M. Schealer. Dutton.* $3.50. This "Mystery of Ancient Egypt" involves a traitorous plot against the reigning sovereign that has an echo twelve centuries later, and then, centuries further on, tickles the curiosity of two present-day archeologists. Charming illustrations by Elaine Joan Alman. Unusual, knowledgeable, really special.

SLEEPING DOGS. *By E. X. Ferrars. Crime Club.* $2.95. London ghost-writer's sister-in-law seeks signature of woman acquitted of child murder; trail leads to provinces, Edinburgh; three perish before solution. Family involvments abound.

THE HUNTRESS IS DEAD. *By Ben Benson. Mill-Morrow.* $2.95. Small-time mobster and female Polish refugee murdered, cop blasted, in suburban Boston ruckus; Captain Wade Paris of state police and good locals get answers. Usual A-1 performance.

HIDE AND KILL. *By Jeremy York. Scribners.* $2.95. English gal shelters lamming boy friend; master mind of noisy heist makes trouble; there are dead. Nervous agitation throughout.

THE DARK CORNERS OF THE NIGHT. *By Lionel Olay. Signet.* 35c. New York TV script writer falls for robbery scheme cooked up by Dostoevsky-reading punk, but murder erupts. Philosopher-gang chief not too credible.

LUST FOR INNOCENCE. *By Dianne Doubtfire. Morrow.* $3.50. All-but-impossible mom of eight-year-old miss takes fatal header in London tube (did she fall or?); off-beam character trails orphan; widower and lady friend active. Shuddery.

SPY OMNIBUS. *By Kurt Singer. T. S. Denison & Co., Minneapolis 15, Minn.* $4.95. This anthology is based largely on the author's numerous works in the cloak-and-dagger and allied fields; thirty-two fact tales cover Germany, Russia, USA, Orient. Powers case is final story. Pace varies.

THE STAR TRAP. *By Robert Colby. Gold Medal.* 25¢. Hollywood cutie, facing murder rap, calls on male bit-actor for help; he turns detective to good purpose. Characters uniformly undesirable, cops included.

ANATOMY OF A KILLER. *By Peter Rabe. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.95. Sam Jordan, syndicate trigger, takes on Pennsylvania slaughter mission with unforeseen results. Dialogue mars pace.

THE FAR SANDS. *By Andrew Garve. Harper.* $2.95. British Foreign Office staffer weds identical twin; visit to her sister is followed by double deaths; survivor won't accept police verdict, explores on her own. His usual superior and convincing job.

AN OMNIBUS OF CONTINENTAL MYSTERIES. Part 1. *By various authors. Juniper Press. Cloth,* $3.50; *paper,* $1.65. Barbey d'Aurevilly, Dumas, Maupassant, Méfibée, Gautier, Rosenkranz, and one anonymous writer are represented in this eighth volume (of ten) in the Classics of Mystery collection. Good variety.

A PARTY FOR THE SHOOTING. *By Louisa Revell. Macmillan.* $3.50. Miss Julia Tyler, retired Virginia Latin teacher and amateur private eye, gets chance to do her stuff in tour of English manor-house belt. Very pleasant going.

OUT FOR THE KILL. *By Anthony Gilbert. Random House.* $2.95. Arthur Crook, London lawyer-detective, trails missing milliner but can't halt murder of girl who knows too much. Good pursuit number, with crackly conversation.

THE FLOATER. *By Bruce Cassiday, Abelard-Schuman.* $2.95. Body in Connecticut stream gives authorities neat problem in identification before solution. Skip the cops' sex life and you have a fine documentary.

THE GREAT "DETECTIVES." *By Theodore Mathieson. Introduction by Ellery Queen. Simon & Schuster.* $2.95. Alexander the Great, Omar, Leonardo, Cortés, Cervantes, Defoe, Captain Cook, D. Boone, Stanley and Livingstone, Florence Nightingale—each of these solves a mystery involving a crisis in his (or her) career. Magnificent idea, beautifully carried out.

THE TIME OF TERROR. *By Lionel White. Dutton.* $2.95. Impromptu kidnapping lands jobless Long Island mechanic in jam; takeover by real crook no help; police rivalries compound confusion. Lively, with wallop termination.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Anticipate or Be Damned

THE educated man sees beyond cause to its effect. He has learned to anticipate. If a roof is defective, he anticipates the likelihood that it will leak. If a child is poorly fed, the educated man anticipates the probability of malnutrition and debility. If a person is under unremitting stress, the educated man anticipates the possibility of physical or mental breakdown or both.

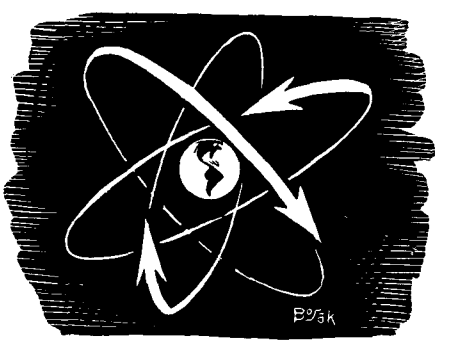
As a society, however, we are uneducated in the sense that we anticipate poorly or not at all. We are surrounded by major causes but tend to detach ourselves from their major effects.

Consider the fundamentals. Begin with the food supply. Everyone talks about the American farm problem in terms of a chronic food surplus. We pay more than a million dollars a day in storage costs even as we watch the wheat decompose. But the surplus is not the real problem. The real problem is potential scarcity. Each year in the United States, we casually take one million acres of farmland out of cultivation for new highways, and another million acres for expanding cities. Meanwhile, as farm acreage goes down, population goes up. Within ten years, the combination of less land and more mouths may convert the fabled American abundance into a grim dependence. What national policies are now being directed to that condition? If we can't anticipate better than we are now doing, we will be strenuously engaged in a world-wide competition for food.

If our anticipations are working, we will realize now that the world food problem, already inadequate for the majority, will increase in direct proportion to the number of people to be fed. Within ten years, the world's population may be in excess of four billion, of which Communist China will alone account for one billion. The demographers tell us that within sixty-five years, at the present rate of population expansion, people may be crushed to death for want of standing room.

Forces are working in the contrary direction, to be sure, but they offer no solace. World nuclear war, if it comes, would no doubt reduce population pressure to the point where both the problem and the people might vanish altogether.

Here, too, we need to anticipate. Within six to ten years, a dozen countries or more will have nuclear explosives at their ready disposal. Moreover, nations unable to make them will be able to buy them. Even small countries, like Castro's Cuba, may have access to this kind of total power. The basic law of behavior that applies to individuals—namely, that the possibility of error increases in direct proportion to the number of persons involved—also applies to nations. The greater the number of nuclear fuse points in the world, the greater the danger that one of them could go off by accident or design, setting off others.



Under such circumstances, the human race will have to count on an assumption that has never before been true; namely, that everyone in a position of power can be trusted to use it responsibly. It means that every head of government will be motivated by the noblest dictates and by the moral imagination, that he will be devoid of predatory ideas against weaker nations, that he will be objective about the claims of neighboring states, and that he will, in the large, comport himself with total regard for the ultimate welfare of mankind. In short, we will expect that the same men who permitted such an insane condition to come to pass will be wise enough to deal with its effects. Consider the hazards that are inseparable from a multiple nuclear arms race. A nuclear bomb, when delivered, will carry no return address. If, *tomorrow*, a bomb should explode over one of our cities—or even if we should have a reasonably good idea that it is on its way—we would dispatch our own nuclear cargo via missiles in the direction of the Soviet Union. Only a few years from now, however, an atomic explosion in the United States would produce the most fiendish guessing game in history. It is not unlikely that, in the event of such an attack, we would shoot back first and try to figure out the correct answer later. Meanwhile, the world nuclear war will have been touched off. What a temptation for a frustrated dictator of a tiny nation who has come to hate the United States!

ALL these things are the specific effects of causes allowed to go unchecked. If we had been able to anticipate, we would have made control over nuclear weapons the most important business before the nations, arguing the case day after day before the entire human community, and attempting to create a total new context of both sanity and urgency in the approach to world problems. The job, in short, is to create a new order of importance and a sense of proportion.

The test of our democratic society will be represented not by our talents as movers and shakers, or our reputation as masters of the inanimate, or as spawners of nuclear power, or as builders of vast industrial establishments, or as individual accumulators of possessions. The test before us is whether we can see far enough ahead to meet our principal needs. In this sense, of course, the problem is the same for all the earth's inhabitants: Anticipate or die.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EAST SIDE STORY

I JOIN Rabbi Aaron Pearl [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Nov. 26] in defense of beloved Harry Golden's writings. Surely there has never been one author in the last half-century who has so vividly written about my beloved East Side as Harry Golden has done. He has educated the world to the realization that New York's Lower East Side was the most beautiful, interesting, and picturesque section of that great city.

There is no doubt that many people exist who do not understand or appreciate what Harry Golden writes about—but to someone like myself who was born on the East Side a good half-century ago, Harry Golden has flashed across the screen of memory many wonderfully nostalgic scenes.

IDA HAMBURGER ABEL.

New Philadelphia, O.

BETTERING A RECORD

MY HUSBAND AND I would like to thank the music editor for printing the schedule of Sviatoslav Richter's performances during his recent tour of the United States [*SR*, Oct. 15]. It was the only information we had that he was to play in Phoenix, Arizona—for us the closest city of those included in the schedule. We found Mr. Richter's program more than worth the 1,120-mile drive and were so glad to have had the chance to hear his superb playing.

In the future when other musicians (equally or almost as great) are to tour the United States, I hope *SR* will also publish their schedules for us who live in the hinterlands but love music. Records can never take the place of a "live" performance with its essential relationship between the artist and his audience.

MRS. B. R. SUYDAM.

Los Alamos, N. Mex.

POSTPAID

WHEN A REVIEWER, such as Edward N. Mayer, Jr., in his review of two books on the U. S. Postal Service [*SR*, Dec. 10], compares books with political significance and draws conclusions that are strictly his own bias, then it seems to me that the public—of which I consider myself a humble representative example—needs to be heard also.

The mails were once a private enterprise and as such had to stand or fall on the economic soundness of their operation. It seems to be a political axiom these days that when such a private enterprise is taken over by government or by an "authority" with quasi-governmental attributes, it no longer need be governed by economic precepts but becomes *per se* the machinery whereby politicians and theorists can, at the expense of the ineffectual public, reward their friends and experiment within the framework of an organization that should be made to stand on its own feet.

The Post Office is not a social welfare agency; it is not an aid or subsidy for transportation; it is not a subsidy for the dissemination of political propaganda.... I say that the Post Office should be a break-even economic operation, run efficiently with every user paying the fair value of the services demanded. . . . A whole volume could be written on the abuses of our mails and what we as taxpayers have to pay for.

There is no doubt that we need a Moses to lead us out of the wilderness of deficit and free-wheeling raids on the assets of the Post Office department by special interests. Why should the taxpayer pay more for his postal service to a government agency than he would pay to a private organization to deliver his mails? If we want to indulge our railroads and airlines or grant special rights, let us make special appropriations, properly publicized so that we know where our money goes and why.

GEORGE MCFAUL.

Dedham, Mass.

"Just think of all the hungover guys wishing they were dead right now."

IT'S WHAT'S INSIDE THAT COUNTS

WHEN I TURNED to Kenneth K. Krogh's "Needed: New Political Labels" [*SR*, Dec. 3], I thought: "What does he think he has to say about political theory?" I anticipated a longish, vague discussion.

Instead, I found an article that answered questions left over from high school and college, that went to the heart of the matter, and that was simple and clear. It should be required reading for everyone, in school or out.

After finishing it, I turned back to see who Kenneth Krogh was and read that he is in the Foreign Agricultural Service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Thank heavens a man like Mr. Krogh found his way into a job like that, where he and others like him are needed—men who have the intelligence to see that many dilemmas stem from mislabels, that many quandaries are not "in the nature of things" but in our muddled view of nature, both physical and human.

Thanks to Mr. Krogh, and thanks, too, to *SR* for living up to its best potential and bringing us an article that helps us make sense of the world.

LENORE MACOMBER.

Boston, Mass.

CONGRATULATIONS to Kenneth K. Krogh for pointing up the deficiencies of the left-right political spectrum.

As a space-age alternative to this outmoded application of Newtonian physics, I would like to offer the image of the lines of force in a rocket engine in which the democratic open society becomes the propellant force for real social progress, while other types of government with varying proportions of totalitarianism in their makeup call forth counterforces that preclude significant change and progress, as in the case of the nobility and Jacobins in late eighteenth-century France.

ARTHUR VOGEL.

Arlington, Va.

PEOPLE MIGHT BE a lot better off in their political thinking if they'd stick to words alone. Pictures—e. g., the left-right concept—seem to cause more trouble than they're worth.

L. N. NEWMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

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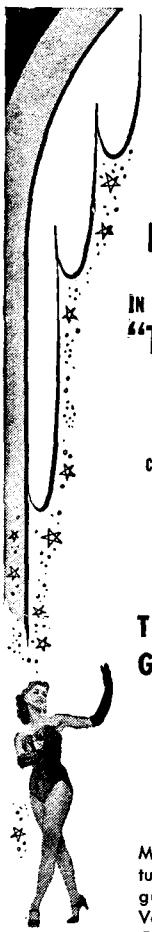

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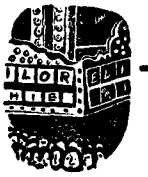
SR'S WORLD TRAVEL CALENDAR AND PHOTO AWARD ISSUE

1961 Guide for Tourists and List of Photo Award Winners



SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Bigger They Come

THANKS TO magazine deadlines, and a growing penchant on the part of the picture companies for holding off advance screenings on their biggest films until the last possible moment, we go to press this year with a "ten best" list that leaves at least two major entries uncovered: Columbia's all-star "Pepe" and M-G-M's super-spectacular remake of "Cimarron." I find this unfortunate, but no real cause for alarm. In making our annual selections, both Hollis Alpert and I were a bit surprised to discover that, when compared to their less pecunious peers, not one of the big-budgeters we *had* seen made the grade artistically.

This was not altogether disingenuous on our part, I hasten to assure you. A list of this kind is in effect an elimination contest, a musical chairs with movies. When all ten seats have been taken, the game is over. Both of us have our own nominees—considerably more than ten. Those that coincide sit down immediately; for those still standing, there is a weighing of values, a comparison of virtues, a re-evaluation in terms of content, artistry, and social responsibility.

What *is* a cause for alarm—on the part of American film-makers, at any rate—is the fact that once the fur stopped flying, only two Hollywood pictures remained on our combined list, "**Elmer Gantry**" and "**The Sundowners**" (see below). We had long since agreed that an all-American "best ten" was a sheer impossibility—we just couldn't come up with ten that were good enough. Indeed, we look with unenvious eyes this year at those of our fellow critics who habitually prepare two lists, one domestic, one foreign.

True, there were several strong contenders among the American entries—"Exodus," "Sons and Lovers," "Spartacus," "Sunrise at Campobello." But their strength dwindles immediately when placed opposite such indisputable masterpieces as "**Hiroshima, Mon Amour**," "**Ikiru**," and "**The World of Apu.**" Here are films of true originality and depth, films that can be studied and cherished for years to come, films that delineate new areas of creativity, new levels of sensitivity for the entire medium. For these alone, 1960 would have been a vintage year.

But in addition, from the apparently inexhaustible backlog of Ingemar Bergman films, we were shown two more, both relatively lightweight, but filled with his completely individual viewpoint and the fascination of his developing technique. For our list, however, we concurred on "**The Virgin Spring**," his most recent film to reach these shores. Simple and stark, it is a powerful re-creation of a medieval ballad, to which Bergman has added provocatively the clash between a last-gasp paganism and primitive Christian ferocity.

England at last seems to have a cinematic resurgence under way, after too many years of star-cluttered, self-defeating attempts to imitate American movie-making. Certainly, films like "**The Entertainer**," "**I'm All Right, Jack**," and "**The Green Carnation**" (reviewed here under the title "**The Trials of Oscar**

Wilde") indicate not only a determination to break with a stultifying tradition, but the wit and ingenuity to develop new themes, styles, and positions. Many other British imports of the year confirmed, less successfuly perhaps, the existence of such a movement—"Expresso Bongo," "School for Scoundrels," and the several Peter Sellers comedies.

From Russia, which also in the past year has given some welcome evidence of a quickening of the cinematic pulses, comes "**Ballad of a Soldier**" (reviewed in these pages last week by Hollis Alpert). *SR*'s list for 1960, then, in the customary alphabetical order, stands as follows:

1. **Ballad of a Soldier (Russia)**
2. **Elmer Gantry (U.S.A.)**
3. **The Entertainer (England)**
4. **The Green Carnation (England)**
5. **Hiroshima, Mon Amour (France)**
6. **Ikiru (Japan)**
7. **I'm All Right, Jack (England)**
8. **The Sundowners (U.S.A.)**
9. **The Virgin Spring (Sweden)**
10. **The World of Apu (India)**

Curiously, not only are there no big ones there, but all our major disagreements centered on which of the little ones to choose. For it is in the smaller, more personal films that a sense of the

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creator behind the picture begins to emerge, and one finds oneself defending this man's style or that man's outlook. One thinks of the artist as well as of the work of art. And this is just as it should be. After all, while the super-spectaculars may make money, it is people who make films.

IT IS a sad but incontestable fact, as suggested above, that the past year has not been one of Hollywood's healthiest. The strikes at the beginning of the year helped bring production to an all-time low; but the lack of quality springs from deeper sources—uncertainty, overcaution, the wish to be commercial at all costs, in a market where "sure-fire" no longer had meaning. ("Psycho" and "Sons and Lovers," for example, have been two of the year's big, surprise money-makers.)

In this context, the production of "The Sundowners" is all the more remarkable. Not only does Isobel Lennart's script skirt all the clichés, but Fred Zinnemann has created with warmth, sympathy, and humor a group of people who love each other and their work, who have pride in their independence, and who cast no covetous eyes on their neighbors' wives or worldly goods. At a time when most film-makers seem intent upon slickness and sophistication, Zinnemann espouses the simple virtues—the joy of doing, and helping, and living in harmony with one's friends and family. And despite the fact that, in keeping with today's trend, the film features the stars Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum, and Peter Ustinov, they emerge with the smell of honest sweat and the look of unglossed reality.

Sundowners, as the script is careful to define, is an Australian term for people without a home—itinerant workers who drive sheep from range to railhead, or who hire out for a few weeks of shearing at some lonely ranch. The Carmodys are such a family, roving the Australian bush country of the mid-Twenties. For Paddy Carmody, it is a completely satisfying life. He has no ties, no stock that might sicken, no farm that might fail; he need call no man boss. It is a life of adventure, change, and freedom. Much as his wife understands his feeling, however, the world is a more urgent place for her. There is their son's education to be considered, and her own half-suppressed need to cook in her own kitchen and sleep in a proper bed.

Joined with the Carmodys is Venneker, a jack-of-all-trades Englishman, able but unwilling to adapt himself to the rules of civilization. He rides with them out of sheer restlessness and a need for their familial warmth. Along the way they meet the people "back of beyond"—the farmers, the ranchers, the good-natured widow who runs a pub, the hard-working, hard-drinking shearing gangs. The wonderful thing is the way the film resists putting good-bad labels on any of them, or drawing them into conventional, predictable situations. Like the principals, they are always credible, always human, and often terribly funny.

Certainly, the major credit for all of this must go to Fred Zinnemann, who both produced and directed the film. Concentrating on character and background, working with incidents rather than an intricate story line, he has kept the screen alive with the vigor of his perception. The relationship between Paddy and Ida Carmody is captured less in words than in the glances, the playful slaps, and gentle gestures that constantly pass between them. Ida's joy in polishing a ranch-house stove expresses fully her wish for a place of her own. A deeply moving moment occurs when, at the end of a 400-mile trek driving sheep to the railhead, Ida sees a pretty girl primping on the train. Her sudden awareness of her lack of femininity, of passing years and neglect, is indelibly captured in that one brief look.

Similarly, the Australian countryside contributes its own authenticity, whether it be a sun-baked town, a bush-country race track, or a "crown" fire roaring through the treetops of a virgin forest. Never does Zinnemann permit such scenes to be merely pictorial; they provide the documentary backing for his people—just as the documentary-like shots of a sheep drive and the details of sheep shearing are fully integrated into the narration of his story.

Most important of all, however, is the quality of performance that he has obtained from every member of his large cast. They work together with the kind of insight into their own characters and an awareness of that character in its relation to all the others that can, in films, only be provided by a great director. Thanks to Zinnemann, "The Sundowners" is a picture that breathes humanity. And for once, it is humanity at its best.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

THE QUIET GLADES OF EDEN

By Robert Graves

All such proclivities are tabulated
By trained pathologists, in detail too—
The obscener parts of speech compulsively
Shrouded in noble Latin.

But though my pleasure in your feet and hair
Is ungainsayable, let me protest,
(Dear love) I am no trichomaniac
And no foot-fetichist.

If it should please you, for your own best reasons,
To take and flog me with a rawhide whip,
I might (who knows?) surprisingly accept
This earnest of affection.

Nothing, indeed, is alien to love
When hot desire has overflowed its banks;
But why must private sportiveness be viewed
Through public spectacles?

Enough, I will not claim a heart unfluttered
By these case-histories of aberrancy;
Nevertheless a long cool draught of water,
Or a long swim in the bay,

Serves to restore my wholesome appetite
For you and what we do at night together:
Which is no more than Adam did with Eve
In the quiet glades of Eden.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

How Not to Say Darling

IRA LEVIN'S new comedy, **"Critic's Choice,"** resembles "The Male Animal" in that it features a hero torn between uxoriousness and professional integrity. As in the former play, both integrity and marriage face a critical situation. Here it is the choice of a drama critic to review the bad play his wife has composed.

The comedy is written with a certain amount of wit and is well performed by Henry Fonda as the blunt husband, by Eddie Hodges as his stoic little son, and by Mildred Natwick as a happy antidote to the traditionally hostile stage mother-in-law.

However, the play's hero, Parker Ballantine, seems not one character but a composite of the attributes and affectations of an assortment of drama critics. And Mr. Levin has even added to these a few entertaining inventions of his own. For instance, Parker collects laudatory and deprecatory phrases in white and black boxes, for use in future reviews. But the trouble with Mr. Levin's synthetic character is that when it comes to a crisis there is nothing to suggest to the audience which course of action Parker would be most likely to take.

A second and perhaps more crucial flaw in "Critic's Choice" lies in the playwright's sympathetic handling of the critic, and his conversely unsympathetic treatment of the critic's wife-turned-playwright. Indeed, we feel that Parker's exemplary behavior has earned him a far better reward than the nominal and unemotional recovery of a vicious wife who has been going to bed with the director of her play. Thus the entertainment of the evening comes from spurts of bright dialogue and sudden insights that seem only partially to engage the playwright and us.

Things being what they are this season, it would be pleasant to be able to report that **"Wildcat"** was a bearable musical. But except for Peter Larkin's brilliant and stylish construction of an oil derrick and tower before our eyes, and a delightfully grotesque stomp by Don Tomkins as a dirty old man, the evening is tedious and uncharming. Lucille Ball cavorts so unromantically and so self-sufficiently through the tiresome first act N. Richard Nash has written to demonstrate her obsession with finding petroleum rather than love, that we scarcely care about her discovery of either at the end. And while the songs by Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh are frequently catchy, too many of them deal with the unimportant surface of the story rather than with its real substance. In its flightiest moments Miss Ball's performance reminds one of Shirley Booth, but most of the time she is pumping a dry well. Michael Kidd's choreography is energetic, but as a director he seems as yet to lack the instincts that might have made "Wildcat" into at least a pleasing musical.

ALTHOUGH it ran only eight performances **"Borak"** was by far the season's most ambitious play and introduced a new playwright, twenty-nine-year-old Robert D. Hock. As in some Greek tragedy, Mr. Hock's protagonists are Civil War General Borak, who is a slave to duty and to military discipline for the good of the state, and his son, who puts human feelings ahead of patriotism. But a simple Greek tragedy is not enough for the author. He adds psychological insights into the father-son case history, includes a sociological dash of pacifism, and attempts to give several of the play's less important characters simultaneous tragedies of their own.

Allen Fletcher staged the play's scattered events beautifully and passionately, without quite avoiding the monotony that can attend a succession of scenes in which drunks or madmen give "cosmic" vent to their feelings. William Swetland played the title role with an impressive dryness that was more convincing than it was powerful. And Andrew Prine portrayed Borak's son with a febrile sense of pre-acknowledged defeat.

Perhaps the most damaging thing that can be said about "Borak" is uttered by one of its characters who belatedly calls out that it is time to ring down the curtain on "this unshaven spectacle." And certainly it should go to the barber's. For the play's main tragedy, a father who learns how much his son loves him only when he finds himself forced to order his execution, might have been more compelling had it not been surrounded by so much panoramic detail and "J.B."-like verse.

—HENRY HEWES.

A Willing Suspension

By John Holmes

JOHN MILTON said the world in a starry rain
Was hung from Heaven's floor by a starry chain,
And would not be displaced and could not fall.
We think the world is held by its own spin
Where it is, and will be, and has always been,
Though we make burns and gouges in the ball.

Milton by Galileo could have been told
World depends from no stranded loops of gold,
But had his poem to make, and would not hear.
I hang, and I have always known I hung
From the floor of heaven, and when I was young
Rattled my golden chain and golden sphere.

Hang is the word for it still, hard to the floor's
Underside, though cratered by meteors.
What was cable I see is old-fashioned rope,
Or cord. It could be called cord, but it's thread
I'll be hanged with by the neck now till I'm dead.
From the bump of wars and nicks of time I look up

At that thin thread. Is that all it is?
The man next door at eighty dangles on his,
Less than twice my age, and holds up well,
Classicist and grandfather. Where do they get stuff
Like that, stone-thread, sun-wire, thong, so tough
I feel safe from my own or even Milton's hell?

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Political Pretenders

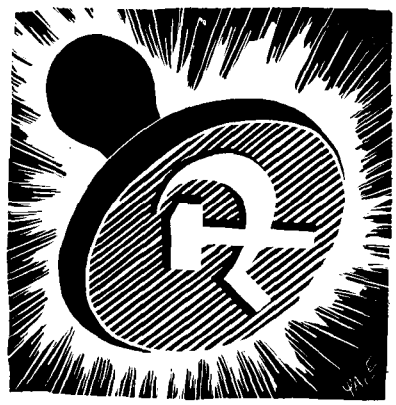
Continued from page 8

are dealing with Communists. But if the frequency, order, and timing of the causes supported and policies expressed dovetail with positions taken by the Communist Party, the probability of the conclusion rapidly increases. Great weight must be attached to sudden *reversals* of policy. If an organization or individual, X, pursues a policy parallel to that of the Communist, this is not decisive. But if the Communists make a sharp turn, and X follows suit, the burden of proof would have to be borne by X to show that the turn was independently motivated. Now, if the Communists reverse themselves once again and return to their original position and X trails along once more, for practical purposes the case is clinched.

OVER a relatively short period of time one can perform a kind of "content analysis" of an organization's or individual's commitments. When the pattern of positions taken on main issues is charted and then compared with the positions taken by the Communist Party in its zigzag course, a high correlation justifies suspicion warranting further inquiry. There are usually other facts available which enable one to infer that high coefficients of correlation are significant and not arbitrary, such as the nature of the slogans used, publicity allotted in Communist organs to the subject, source of contributions, key managerial personnel. Many persons in their own past experience have used a roughly similar technique to differentiate the sheep from the goats. They have had their eyes opened to the real political character of some organization they were supporting because they observed a change in policy or pronouncement that was signaled by a prior change in the Communist program. Common sense, fortified by political knowledge of what the Communists are up to, is enough to immunize most people against further deception. The reason why Communists succeed in fooling so many by posing as something else is that those who are deceived are ignorant of the nature of Communism—its history, theory, and practice. Once they are informed, they can proceed in the same way as they do when they find a strange bird on their duck pond. If, despite its strange qualities, it looks like a duck, quacks like a duck, waddles like a duck, swims like a duck, then for all practical purposes it may rightly be regarded as a duck.

Since one can never be certain in these matters, one must keep a mind open to new evidence. But because one cannot be certain, this does not mean that one cannot have reliable knowledge, and excellent grounds for conclusions. If our concern is with establishing the facts in the case, we must proceed, as do all investigators into the truth, and base our conclusions on the *preponderance* of evidence. But where legal sanctions are involved in relation to a criminal act, we require evidence *beyond reasonable doubt*. A great deal of confusion would result if in the ordinary affairs of life, in which we seek to guide ourselves by the truth, we waited until we had evidence that was beyond all reasonable doubt. By that time it may be too late to take preventive action. In foreign policy particularly, where we are not judging an individual in the dock, but must assess the real political convictions of a leader of a foreign country on the basis of his thought and behavior, we can only follow the lead of evidence, prepared to modify our judgment in the light of further evidence.

A safe but not infallable rule of thumb in judging whether some hitherto unknown political personality is just playing along with the Communists for his own ends or is acting out of Communist conviction is the decisions he makes with respect to the independence of his own country. If, despite clear warnings, he compromises the national integrity of his country, isolates her from other countries that had helped her in earlier trials and still stand ready to do so, permits Communist political figures or technicians to infiltrate into sensitive positions, he lays himself open to gravest suspicion. Even what appears as an obviously justified inference of Communist control must be balanced against the apparently inevitable propensity of every newcomer on the political scene to imagine that he can outwit and outplay the Communists when he undertakes joint action with them. "Why is it wrong for me to use the Communists for my own purposes?" is the standing query of the foolish virgins in politics. It is wrong, first, because the purposes are compromised and become suspect in the eyes of the community; and, second, because the Communists always get more use out of their allies than their allies get out of them.



The difficulties in determining who is who and what is what, in Communism outside the Soviet Union, are primarily of the Communists' own making. They have never been able peacefully to win power by majority vote in any country by truthfully representing themselves as Communists. They have therefore resorted to systematic subterfuge. They have proved themsleves amazingly adept at parading in sheep's clothing and deerskins —disguises all the more effective because of the pathetic unwillingness of their potential victims to believe in the existence of politically carnivorous animals.

IN ORDER to survive, the free world must acquire a more sophisticated knowledge of Communism. It must employ trained imagination and intelligence to fashion flexible instruments for countering the Communist ideological offensive. A steady and pitiless light of exposure must beat down at all times on Communist theory and practice. We must know what Communists believe and what at any moment they are up to. Much of this information has been made available in government reports and hearings, but unfortunately it lies largely unread. The task must be shouldered primarily by scholars and educators whose findings should be studied on the appropriate levels of our educational system with sobriety and care. Long before he turned the world topsy-turvy, Hitler wrote down his ideas, plans, and purposes in "Mein Kampf." Had the policies of the Western nations, including our own, been formulated with an awareness of what Hitler intended to do, he could have been stopped at a lesser cost in life and freedom. Unfortunately, the ideology of Communism, the basic political writings that constitute the "Mein Kampf" of its successive leaders, does not receive the attention it deserves, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries, where ideology is considered stuff and nonsense. It may be stuff and nonsense to us but not to the Communists, who believe it and are trying to win a world with it. This ideology will not be expressed in public speeches, interviews with foreign correspondents, and television broadcasts that represent what the leaders of the Kremlin want the world to believe about them. We must study not only what they want us to believe but what they really believe. The two are not the same.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Solti Shines in "Tannhauser"—Richter Returns

GEORG SOLTI made his Metropolitan Opera debut a resounding success by giving its "Tannhäuser" something it hasn't had in several rounds of "revivals"—Wagner conducting of knowledge, authority, insight, and spirit. Some of these qualities have been present in varying degrees at various times in the last hearings of the work (1954-56), but the combination of them fused the efforts of a variable cast into a musical ensemble of real purpose. With Dino Yannapoulos shaping the big ensembles of Act II to an effective dramatic totality and Rolf Gérard's good-looking scenery and costumes of the mid-decade restored to view (also well lit), it was everything—well if not everything the parched Wagnerian could ask as a first draught of the season, at least a potent brew.

Solti's presence was apparent from the first notes of the overture—those quietly articulated phrases in clarinet and bassoons, followed by French horns. When a conductor can shape the playing of a repertory opera's orchestra to such flexibility and good sound, he is clearly in charge of his problem. As the overture, in an opera theatre, is usually prepared last, it was a preamble in reverse to everything that had gone before. It was a precedent of real quality, which thankfully proceeded directly into the stage version as the Paris version of this revival decrees (without a break for applause).

A dynamic man on the opera podium, Solti is as much a participant in the performance as a violinist or singer. Only a few of the latter were continuously on his level, the best of them being Jerome Hines, a Landgrave of imposing size and fine sound, projected with a sure sense of character. He had not taught his "niece" to sing always with his concern for proper production, but Leonie Rysanek's Elisabeth was also uncommonly well characterized. Her appearance, womanly and appealing, is in the real Wagnerian tradition here of Jeritza and Rethberg, Lehmann and Flagstad, though she lacks the vocal discipline all those possessed at their best. Compensating for her wooly, unresonant middle voice is an ensemble-topping high range which counts for much in the second act of this work. "Dich teure Halle" was really a salutation rather than merely an entrance aria, the Prayer feelingly if not purely sung. As Venus, Irene Dalis created a character more believable than she commonly is, though her lack of height means that she must rely mostly on voice to dominate Tannhäuser. It was understandable that some elevation should be provided for her in the climaxing moments of the Venusberg scene to compensate for her shortness: but must she stand on the bed? It is hardly a tidy way for a lady to behave.

As Tannhäuser, Hans Hopf promised to be a good deal better than he was at any particular moment in the performance—for he was obviously under the weather, vocally. He returns a good deal surer of himself and with more artistic ammunition than at his last visit here in 1954. Despite some dangerous signs of distress in the first act, he managed his afternoon's work resourcefully. In the circumstances, his clear evidence of manly characterization and musical understanding may be taken as down payments on a full purchase of esteem to come. Entirely new to the theatre was Hermann Prey, whose Wolfram certified him as a most musicianly singer. His baritone voice has a tenorish upper range and not too much ring in any register, but Prey's thoughtful style, good appearance, and manly bearing are much in his favor. The subordinate performers were more eligibly *Minnesingers* than is sometimes the case, Marko Rothmuller (Biterolf), Robert Nagy (Walther), Paul Franke (Heinrich), and Norman Scott (Reinmar) making much of their opportunities in the first-act quintet. Mildred Allen was a competent voice for the shepherd. Far from least was Kurt Adler's excellent chorus, which responded to Solti's impulsive direction with a life and vitality good to hear.

Everything about Solti's work was gratifying save the prognosis that it will be limited this season to this one score, and he is likely to be much too occupied with new duties as music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic and artistic director of Covent Garden to spend much time here next winter. However, a longer look into the future might discern him on the horizon of Lincoln Center when a new general manager is being chosen. Native talent plus half a dozen years of the varied experiences that impend for him would make for qualifications of a singular sort.

Sviatoslav Richter's first appearance in New York with orchestra on behalf of the New York Philharmonic's Pension Fund added little to his known repute for playing fast and loud, soft and slow, devoted as it was to the A major Concerto of Liszt and Tchaikovsky's B flat minor. Neither probed into musical qualifications or esthetic viewpoints left unexpounded in his recital series earlier in the fall; indeed, they enforced the abiding respect then aroused for his tremendous power and control, while hardening certain feelings about his want of true emotional communication. But almost any statement about Richter can be contradicted by another—there were some wild passages of missed notes in the Tchaikovsky, and some moments of real poetry in the Liszt. Thus one can find, in his playing, almost anything wanted to prove one viewpoint or another. Leonard Bernstein began the three-part circus by uncaging Liszt's "Hunnenschlacht"—a noisy bore.

DUE to an inequity of timing, W. A. Mozart never visited Pennsylvania or heard its Philadelphia Orchestra, but he did visit Paris and hear an outstanding organization of that time, for which he wrote the Symphony No. 31. As conveyed in gallant style by the Philadelphia ensemble on its most recent visit to Carnegie Hall, this imperious work stood forth more than ever as the first in the sequence of great Mozart symphonies—which means the first truly modern orchestral work (the best known of Haydn came well afterwards).

This is pure D major Mozart, which, for those who know their man, means the Mozart of the "Prague" and "Haffner" symphonies and indeed the whole of "Figaro" (a D major opera). Ormandy responded keenly to its high spirits and suitably contrasted second thoughts of a more sober sort, paying particular attention to those striking uses of the strings which, Mozart announced to his father, "would take Paris by the ears." More than a few in Carnegie Hall were similarly enchanted by the resonance and spirit of its re-creation.

There was Mozart of another sort—the less impulsive, form-filling Mozart of the E flat Concerto for two pianos, in which Gaby and Robert Casadesus were suave, sophisticated, and somewhat matter-of-fact co-workers. The masculine part of the partnership (who played secondo in the duo work) had the stage to himself later in the evening for a concerto he plays particularly well: the Ravel for left hand. Between the concerted works Ormandy offered Jean Rivier's Symphony No. 5, a less than distinguished example of French craftsmanship in which, were the "wrong notes" to be removed, one would likely observe an academic, rather prosaic musical mind at work.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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DECEMBER 31, 1960

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Joel Rosen meets admirers after concert at San Jose, Costa Rica.

DIPLOMACY BY KEYBOARD

By JOEL ROSEN

IN THE recent political campaign, much verbiage was expended on the delicate issue of the state of our "prestige" abroad. Never before have we as a nation been so concerned about what others think of us. Yet little or nothing is generally known in the United States either about the day-to-day living and thinking of millions around the world, or of our efforts to contact, understand, and be understood by these people.

During the last two and a half years, I have had the rare opportunity of being actively engaged in the exciting and vital work of communicating with and learning about some of these people. Not many weeks ago, following a concert for some 1,500 people in Rio's rococo Teatro Municipal, I sat at a busy sidewalk café on the Avenida Río Branco and thought about the four-month tour I had just completed. Concerts, pianos, airports, but mostly people dominated my reflections. A year earlier, I had sat with a group of students at a similar café in Bandung, Indonesia. We had been talking avidly for three hours about life in American universities and colleges. They had never before actually met and talked with an American.

"How do American students think and act politically?" asked my Javanese friend. "Do they organize protest demonstrations as we do, or work for parties or ideas?"

"Well," I admitted, "I don't think the majority of American students are quite so politically 'conscious' as I find all of you are, or at any rate they don't involve themselves to the same heated degree that you do in agitation and demonstrations."

"Why not?" they persisted. "Are they not concerned with politics or world problems?"

"I don't think they are unconcerned in most cases," I answered, "but keep in mind this point. In a new country like yours, you students represent the 'first generation' of higher education, and quite naturally feel a strong obligation to lead political and intellectual thought. In my country, perhaps the student feels himself to be more the latest participant in a long intellectual tradition, rather than the initiator of national political consciousness."

"How much does it cost to go to college in the United States?" one asked. "Is it true that only the rich can go to the universities?"

"No, it is not true. While many of our colleges are private and quite expensive, a large part of our higher educational institutions are state-financed and charge little or nothing to local residents."

Another then asked, "How good, in fact, are your schools? We see so much fuss about parties and social life, and such great emphasis on sports. Do the students ever study?"

I quickly named some scholarly institutions and pointed out the many impressive American intellectual and scientific achievements. But it remained a difficult question to answer. The frivolous side of a large part of our educational life has been all too vividly pictured by popular American magazines and films available abroad. Meanwhile, the statistics on Russian technical and scientific graduates in recent years are as well known to high school and college students in Latin America and Asia as baseball batting averages are to their American counterparts.

Without doubt, the cultural exchange program offers us one of the few remaining and most effectual avenues of communication with the peoples of the world. This general fact has for some time been realized by Washington, and extensive programs have been undertaken by the United States Information Service and Department of State in this field. The programs are good, but considering the vast possibilities of the medium, I feel they can and must be developed far beyond the present area of operation and impact.

In conveying a picture of one aspect of these programs, I should first give some detail of my recent tour experience. During a fifteen-week period, I played over sixty concerts in Mexico, Central America, Ecuador, Peru, Argentina, and Brazil. The appearances ranged from formal symphonic and solo concerts to radio and television inter-

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view recitals and informal lecture-demonstrations for students. From the standpoint of musical sophistication, the audiences varied tremendously—from the highly cultured of, say, Lima, Buenos Aires, and Mexico City, to people who were hearing their first piano concert—and of course the facilities differed similarly. But the cordiality, interest, and desire to know me, and through me an element of America which I was representing, were everywhere manifested with tremendous spontaneity and zeal.

IN CUENCA, Ecuador (the home of the Panama hat), my wife and I were invited for breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner, and evening gatherings. The townspeople—doctors, lawyers, the mayor, the professors from the university, and students—literally competed for our time for three days. The city had never before had a visiting artist. They asked many questions about America, especially about life in the small cities and towns of the United States. They were most surprised to learn how much we move about, and particularly how easily a family might drive fifty miles for a visit or shopping. Few of the people of Cuenca had ever left their beautiful valley! Though curious and interested in our life and America, they were even more anxious to show and tell us of their accomplishments, their new filtration plant, an impressive "Culture Center" and ultra-modern university campus, which is in fact most impressive and almost incongruous in the otherwise untouched colonial atmosphere of the town.

This pride in their accomplishments and especially the emphasis on new educational construction and facilities was perhaps the keynote of the over-all Latin American tour. In Lima, Peru, San José, Costa Rica, La Plata, Argentina, or Bahía and Forteleza, Brazil, the greatest points of local pride were the new university buildings.

Strangely enough, the average Latin American student or intellectual has met or known very few Americans on a personal basis, and almost none who might be regarded as representing his counterpart in American society. Because of this lack of contact, his view of our society is often tremendously distorted and full of unflattering misconceptions. He knows little or nothing of our tremendous cultural and educational institutions, and is quite prepared to accept the materialistic and callow picture of the United States which totalitarian propagandists so vividly paint. This is particularly dangerous, because learning and culture are held in almost holy esteem by many Latins. Student and intellectual elements play a role of far greater importance in South American political life than is the case in this country. The role of the "cultural ambassador" is therefore one of tremendous potential. He has particularly pointed access to those very elements of society which know least about us, and yet with which we have in reality great common values.

In Guayaquil, Ecuador, for example, a joint concert was arranged with local musicians of the university's music faculty. In addition to the fine artistic rapport that was achieved, long informal talks on musical and professional life in our two countries took place.

"Díganos, Señor Rosen, is there musical life outside of New York and Chicago? Is the United States a cultural desert as we hear, a land of rocks and rolls?" I was asked.

Without dwelling on the professor's possibly unintentional pun, I admitted to the abundance of "rocks and rolls," but I continued:

"Do you know, Señor professor, that I, and most of my colleagues, play a majority of our concerts in small towns and cities. Often a town of 15,000 people will provide an audience of over 1,000."

"Are they interested in serious music, then?"

"Well," I continued, "hundreds of these small cities have good small orchestras, and well-organized concert associations."

"Can the musician or artist earn a living outside of New York?" they asked. "What is his position in the community?"

I conceded that the majority of musicians still remained in the large metropolitan centers, pointing out that besides New York and Chicago, such cities as Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Washington, Philadelphia, Detroit, Minneapolis, Dallas, Houston, San Francisco, and Los Angeles had great orchestras and highly developed musical life in every respect. However, I also assured them that thousands of musicians had gone to smaller towns all over the country to teach and play, earning a comfortable living and often becoming highly respected members of their communities.

BESIDES their interest in the role and situation of the artist in the United States, these Ecuadorian professors made little secret of their astonishment and delight that I was able to discuss Ecuadorian politics and economics with them in Spanish. (The University of Guayaquil has a reputation for considerable hostility toward the United States.)

Some weeks later, my last evening in Lima was spent in an intense informal talk with the leaders of the striking students of San Marcos University. While no earth-shaking conclusions evolved, several interesting points of discussion were developed. Most important was the fact that the Peruvians actually were able to understand our racial problems much more clearly than their heated public pronouncements would suggest. They have, in fact, racial integration problems of their own (with the huge and socially underdeveloped Indian population of Peru) which are even more challenging than our own. I recalled that a year before I had had a similar discussion with a group of students in Madras, India, which similarly clarified the parallel of our struggle for integration with the perplexingly difficult efforts in India to integrate the caste-based society into a new social pattern. It is by virtue of this deeper penetration, through discussion, infor-

(*Continued on page 45*)

The author with office-bearers of the Madras College Students' Council.

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Vivaldi, Albinoni, AND Bach

WITH a new release by the Virtuosi di Roma, *alias dictus* Collegium Musicum Italicum, Vivaldi's Opus 8, "Il Cimento dell'Armonia e dell'Invenzione," receives its fourth complete recording (Angel 3611-C or S-3611-C, $14.98 or $17.98). This "contest between harmony and invention"—and don't worry about that title, it's only something meant to look imposing on the title page—this opus consists of twelve solo concertos, the ninth and twelfth here assigned to an oboe, the rest to a violin.

The first four concertos are the well-known, and wonderful, "Four Seasons." Three of the other concertos have fanciful titles as well, and so the series includes a "Storm at Sea," "Pleasure," and a "Hunt." "La Tempesta di Mare," in spite of some nice fireworks for the soloist, is mostly rather conventional, but the other concertos are among Vivaldi's best, and the eighth and eleventh strike me as especially fine. As a collection, this group stands almost on a level with the truly miraculous Opus 3, "L'Estro Armonico," and it is worthy of a place of honor in anyone's record library.

I am not, however, sure I would recommend adding it in this edition. Not that I have complaints about the playing as such: the oboist, Renato Zanfini, is good; the violinists who share the solos, the Professori Ferro, Gulli, Malanotte, Mozzato, and Ruotolo, lack nothing in virtuosity and élan; the ensemble is polished to a fault. But while my hat is off to Maestro Fasano, the drillmaster, I do not like him as an intermediary between Vivaldi and me. Now, I am all for getting away from the IBM or Necchi-Singer style of performing baroque music, but at the same time I do not want to have the compositions' shape obscured for me by a "flexibility" carried to a point that at times there seems to be no prevailing tempo at all. And much the same obfuscating effect is produced by Fasano's constant fidgeting with dynamics (oh, those horrible hushes in the big tutti!). Bowings and phrasings often are geared to the production of elegant string playing rather than to the proper articulation of the composer's ideas, and I am not pleased either by the wrong, and therefore feeble, execution of most of the ornaments. For the many admirers of the Virtuosi, I can report that they are in top form here and that Angel has recorded their sound well, but I am obliged to add that to me these performances represent a species of unscholarly and often unmusical fussbudgetry that I cannot much admire. The Barchet recording on Vox is a less glamourous sound, but it really does make better music.

The Library of Recorded Masterpieces progresses with its awesome project of issuing the complete works of Vivaldi. The latest releases (Volume 1, Nos. 5 and 6, each $10) offer an assortment of instrumental pieces that includes two quite well-known ones, the "Goldfinch" Concerto for flute (P. 155) and the B minor Sinfonia "Al Santo Sepulcro." Incidentally, each album contains not only extensive and informative notes by Joseph Braunstein, but all the scores as well, accounting for the records' rather high price, which is reduced somewhat if the discs are bought on a subscription plan.

Braunstein's notes make the point that the first printed edition of the Flute Concertos, Opus 10, put out by Le Cène, Amsterdam, *circa* 1730, is evidently quite corrupt. The version presented here of the "Goldfinch" is based on a better source in the Turin National Library, and this is in effect quite a different piece from the one that has become familiar from other

recordings, and a rather more interesting one, too. The nine works on the two records are uneven in quality. An occasional movement stands out, but the only piece to represent Vivaldi at his very best is the great "Santo Sepulcro" Sinfonia. A mistake in the tape editing process has lopped thirteen measures from its first movement, but I am assured that the company will replace defective copies.

Max Goberman is the musical director in charge of this series of recordings. He has assembled a group of good players, and he is himself an accomplished conductor and violinist. His work is always musical and tasteful, but he offers no extras of the kind that might be forthcoming from a musician with more of a special flair for the performance of this music. The readings are not by any means bad, but I feel that someone with a more highly developed sense of drama and pace would better transmit the fancies of Vivaldi's mercurial mind.

Tomaso Albinoni (1671-1750) was, like Vivaldi, a Venetian violinist whose work Bach admired. An attractive selection of his music, including a G minor Sinfonia from his Opus 2 and three Concertos from his Opus 9, has been recorded by I Musici (Epic LC-3682 or BC-1076, $4.98 or $5.98). Like the Virtuosi di Roma, I Musici have, as string players, certain narcissistic inclinations to which vigorous projection of musical substance is sometimes sacrificed. Their playing is of exceptional delicacy, quite small in scale, if possible even more polished than the Virtuosi's, and happily free from the distracting fussiness that mars the work of the "Romans." What they do is not, however, a model of eighteenth-century style, and my attention is not strongly held by playing in which energy must always defer to refinement. The solo playing by Roberto Michelucci in two violin concertos and by Evert van Tright in an oboe concerto is impeccable, and the sound is lovely.

When the repertory is well chosen, contact with Vivaldi and Albinoni can be wonderfully refreshing or even exciting, but then Bach has a terrible way of coming along with a concerto and showing you how this sort of thing really ought to be done. The Allegro movements of Bach's E major Violin Concerto are perhaps no more than engaging, but the Adagio is a sublime example of extended and continuously inventive cantilena, and every note of the A minor Violin Concerto and the D minor Concerto for Two Violins is marvelous. All three concertos are on one record (Capitol G-7210 or SG-7210, $4.98 or $5.98), played and conducted by Yehudi Menuhin, with Christian Ferras as the other soloist in the D minor. Menuhin plays well here. His sense of pace is sure and there are many details that attest to deep understanding of the music. But there never seems to be a Menuhin performance without its puzzle or mystery, and the one here is his choice of the superficial and unaware Ferras as his partner.

And, to end with, a news item that ought to cheer record collectors: the unintelligible tangle one now finds under Vivaldi in the Schwann catalogue is to be swept away as of the January issue, to be replaced by a rational and accurate ordering under the works' P. (for Pincherle) numbers.

—MICHAEL STEINBERG.

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A VOLLEY FOR VARESE

By MEL POWELL

In his varied musical life, Mel Powell has been a serious student of the piano, a brilliant member of the Benny Goodman jazz ensembles of the Forties, a composer of note in that genre, a disciple of Hindemith, and, most recently, associate professor at the School of Music of Yale University. He is devoting the present year to composition on a Guggenheim Fellowship.

Mel Powell

IT MAY surprise the large public to learn that many younger composers have, with varying degrees of reluctance, relegated Bartók, Berg, Hindemith, Schoenberg, and Stravinsky to prehistory. Of course professional rates of obsolescence tend to be very wild things whimsically compounded; and especially nowadays, with communication what it is, there is scarcely time for ink to dry on score paper before the call goes out for something else, something new. But if a rapidly changing focus of interests has led the present generation of composers away from much of the music of the earlier twentieth century, it has also led them to some forerunners whose works seem to be directly relevant to today's preoccupations. The current musical reality points to new conveyances for musical thought in a world characterized by new means of communication, and that is a world to which Edgar Varèse is attuned—to which, in a sense, he was attuned before it actually existed, and in which his imagination flourished long before the electronic studios were in action.

Thus, on arriving at his seventy-fifth birthday (December 22), Varèse finds himself more of a "contemporary" than at any time past, an extraordinary instance of the traditionally ironic zigzags that make up the chronicles of musical reputation. Until recently the story of Varèse's *succès de scandale* during the 1920s appeared to be all there was and all there was going to be. Other composers of his generation had gone on to conquer *avant-garde* universes of various sizes and types, ranging from elegant Parisian salons to dreary classrooms in Los Angeles. By the 1940s the major figures were acknowledged, categorized, imitated—in a word, established. Varèse was not among them: never widely known, rarely performed, not at all a prolific composer, regarded as an oddity rather than a central figure.

But time plays its tricks, and a short while ago Varèse was "discovered" almost simultaneously throughout the world by a new generation—those who had been born in the 1920s and were already beginning to think that the music of the first half of this century, their "growing up" time, had had its day. They found in Varèse that quasi-scientific turn of mind that corresponds so closely to their own affinities. They recognized in him their own dissociation from *weltschmerz* and their own passion for a monolithic fierceness. Above all they marveled at the "sound-ideal" of a composer who, even while writing for the conventional instruments, was projecting through them the colors and "noises" that virtually belong to the domain of electronically generated sound. There are several instances in music history of composers expanding the resources of instrumental technique, but there is perhaps no other example of the expansion projected so far that it implies fundamentally new principles of sound production—principles, moreover, that eliminate the instruments themselves. If today Varèse is at the threshold of a career as an internationally renowned elder statesman of the newer music, sufficient justification for that accolade resides in his astonishingly early explorations of the world of sound.

THANKS to recordings, that world is now available, open to tourists, chance visitors, and, conceivably, permanent settlers. While the ordinary concert hall represents something of a restrictive anachronism today—in that it is probably best suited to its standard orchestra, standard repertory, and standard audience—recordings make many things possible. I think that by now it can be granted that the history of contemporary music has been, and will continue to be, strongly influenced by the technological facts of life. It is an open secret that tape editors can ennoble a performance for permanent use where an ordinarily inadequate amount of rehearsal time (a very serious musico-economic problem, particularly in regard to complex new music) would otherwise lead to results that range from the partly disastrous to the totally catastrophic. It is also generally understood that there is a need for repeated hearings of unfamiliar works and that recording is the eloquent answer to that need. Perhaps it is even fair to say that in our time the emergence of a composer into relative prominence, and the very nature of the influence his works may exert on those of other composers, are closely bound to this seemingly "external" matter of the means of communication. For these and similar, related reasons, the new Columbia LP, "Music of Edgar Varèse" (ML 5478, $4.98; MS 6146, $5.98), can offer in the space-time of a single disc an excellent sampling of a devoted life-work to which some four decades of a world-wide concert industry had remained largely impervious.

OF the half-dozen works on the present recording, the earliest, "Octandre" and "Hyperprism," date from 1924 or thereabouts (depending on the source of information: dates given in the notes on the jacket are at variance with some other chronological listings of Varèse's works). Together with "Intégrales" (1926, according to the record notes, but elsewhere reported to have had its first performance in March of 1925 and to have been written several years earlier), "Ionisation"—the percussion "classic" composed in 1931—and "Density 21.5" for unaccompanied flute (1936), these pieces represent the Varèse mainstream: relatively small and unusual instrumental ensembles from which the strings are banished (a string bass is the sole representative of that family for the purposes of this recording, and it appears only in "Octandre") and within which a variety of percussion instruments takes on an imposing role. The remaining work, "Poème Electronique," is the composer's part of a

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collaboration with Le Corbusier at the Brussels World's Fair in 1958, the thoroughly fascinating details of which are outlined in the record notes. The piece is the first, and to date the only, completely noninstrumental work of Varèse; it was composed directly on magnetic tape. It can be mentioned here, *sotto voce*, that regardless of the specialized machinery a composer works with—trained lips, lungs, and fingers or unschooled oscillators and filters—if it happens that his essential musical mentality is endowed with a personal profile, that profile shows in all cases, despite the means that may mask it.

I AM trying to say simply that apparatus is apparatus and Varèse is Varèse. It is true that from the mid-1930s to the mid-1950s he was silent, waiting for electro-acoustical facilities that his imagination suggested, and without which (he finally came to believe) he could not proceed. But it is also true that when he returned to the making of music (1954: "Déserts," not yet available on recordings) he not only used the human ensemble in an antiphony with the machine, but made the very same music he had always made: efficient, powerful, implacably "objective," and yet intensely "personal." The point is that the present recording offers the listener something of a document that testifies to the wholeness of a particular musical personality. The superior quality of performance and sound on this new LP leads me to think that Varèse himself, though as modest a man as the time has known, will find no seventy-fifth birthday present capable of bringing him greater pleasure.

There is an irony in the obvious linkage of Varèse and Webern, since their works were so consistently ignored for so many years and then, recently and comparatively suddenly, they came to be of great interest and general influence. It is clearly no coincidence that the young American conductor Robert Craft is at the helm in both the celebrated album of the complete works of Webern and in the present recording of Varèse's music. The importance of the service that Craft has rendered to our contemporary musical life is a saga in itself; for the moment it is enough to point out that his involvement with the music of Webern and Varèse is largely responsible for the opportunity being granted to many others to share that involvement.

Seemingly the two composers are at opposite ends of an expressive range: Webern's sparse filaments and Varèse's glorification of robust sound. Even in the characteristic titles of their works an apparently extreme antithesis is reflected, Webern placing his opus number next to bare, time-honored words like "Symphony," "Variations," "Cantata," while for Varèse it is a matter of "Ionisation," "Hyperprism," "Intégrales." Still, beneath the surface there is an identity of opposites, for the music of each is equally "smitten with a love of the impossible." That is a crucial similarity—the pursuit of ultimates. Perhaps it is just this legacy that has been chosen by the present from the varied offerings of the immediate past; and there is perhaps a key to the communal artistic consciousness of our own time in Pater's phrase.

For Varèse there has been an abundance of irony: how he withdrew from composition for many years, his pioneering visions of electronic music unrealizable—while the necessary resources were to become available to young men in postwar Europe long before Varèse's own access to basic equipment became possible. Similarly, the patronage of American foundations was granted year after year to hosts of "foundation babies," but not to this quiet, devoted artist. In a way it is ironic that Varèse loves New York as he does, for he embraces its bustling, self-promoting musical society while persevering in his own dedication to solitary ways and means. Since first coming to this country in 1915 Varèse has had relatively few sojourns abroad, which is all the more striking when we consider that this composer, rarely far from his studio-apartment in downtown Manhattan, is now a hero in places geographically and musically as remote from Greenwich Village and from one another as Japan and Canada. The climactic irony is that today, at seventy-five, Varèse is fresh-minded and enthusiastic when so many musicians decades younger are already grown old with their small "problems" of "modernity."

IT is no surprise that Varèse's seventy-fifth birthday will bring forth a few festive concerts here and there. Aside from this honoring of the occasion, there is an actual new interest in his work that may now finally carry the unintentionally "private" music to the wider audience it should have reached a long time ago. That remains to be seen. But here and now, those who have known of Varèse and his art for almost half a century and those who have been initiated for only half a year find the anniversary year a welcome opportunity to listen actively again to an old master of young musical thought.

—Courtesy, Presto-Bogen.

Edgar Varese checking a score with a tape recorder.

Varèse on Records

"Ionisation," "Density 21.5," 'Intégrales," "Hyperprism". Robert Craft conducting Woodwinds, Brass, and Percussion. "Poème Electronique": created directly on magnetic tape by the composer for the Brussels World's Fair, 1958. Columbia ML 5478, MS 6146.
"Intégrales". New York Wind Ensemble, Juilliard Percussion Orchestra, Frederic Waldman conducting. "Density 21.5". René Le Roy, flute. "Ionisation". Juilliard Percussion Orchestra. "Octandre." New York Wind Ensemble (Samuel Baron, flute, Ralph Gomberg, oboe, Wallace Shapiro, clarinet, Bernard Garfield, bassoon, Armand Ghitala, trumpet, etc.) EMS Recordings 401.

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Recordings in Review

Ansermet's Beethoven No. 9

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 9. Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, the "Chorale du Brassus," and Choeur des Jeunes de L'Eglise Nationale Vaudoise, with Joan Sutherland, soprano, Norma Proctor, mezzo, Anton Dermota, tenor, and Arnold Van Mill, basso.* London CS 6143, $5.98.

This laudable attempt to do the hitherto impossible—to contain all the values of this spacious work on a single LP record—is marred by only one blemish: London's essential failure to improve on the accomplishment of those who have sought the same elusive result before (Columbia and Vox). I am not concerned so much with decibel count, or deterioration of fidelity on the inside grooves of a disc running close to thirty minutes per side, but rather with fidelity to the composer's musical purpose.

This begins, it would seem to me, in avoiding breaks except where permitted by him. But London has sought its solution for the problem of Side II by, in effect, borrowing time from Side I. The premise is good, but the logic fallacious: for to interrupt the slow movement at one of its most exalted moments (the adagio which begins at measure 83) is not to solve the problem but to beg the issue. I can't commend any interruption of this movement as acceptable, but there are others less offensive than this one.

There are other reasons why this performance will not rank with the great ones of record—Klemperer's, Toscanini's, Furtwängler's, Walter's, among others. Most of them have to do with Ansermet's less than lofty concept of the whole, beginning with a first movement that is dramatically casual, and concluding with a finale in which the brotherhood of man is looked upon as a cause for guarded enthusiasm rather than all-out endorsement. It would hardly seem possible for any conductor of the Ansermet rank to devitalize the scherzo or render the adagio prosaic, but that is the net of this careful but noncompelling performance.

Part of the smallness of scale in the finale may be attributed to the chorus, which is wanting in vocal weight and real tone production, meaning that the orchestra has to be scaled down if it is to be heard. And though Miss Sutherland's easy access to the top register makes her treatment of the perilous B flat on "dein sanfter Flügel weilt" a joy, her dynamic scale, too, is constricted—with the same penalty to her associates. The best of these is Dermota; the least distinguished, Proctor. Van Mill's "O Freude" has admirable weight of voice, if rather a reedy quality.

Ansermet—"careful but noncompelling."

Schubert by Pears and Britten

SCHUBERT: *Die schöne Müllerin. Peter Pears, tenor, and Benjamin Britten, piano.* London OS 25155, $5.98.

Any suspicion that this undertaking is an overgrown parlor trick or a species of self-deception that got out of hand is dispelled in only the time it takes for Pears to sing, and Britten to play, "Das Wandern" and "Wohin?" For with them we are plunged into a stream of musical performance at once sophisticated and zestful, with complete technical security underlying a sure sense of the composer's purpose.

The ear is more immediately attracted to the artistry of Pears than to his partner, for he has not only the melodic line on which to lavish his sense of character and phrasing, but also the words with which to convey his excellent appreciation of the German text. But Britten is at once wizardly and unobtrusive in his enactment of the supporting function assigned to the pianist: nothing slurred or slighted, but also no suggestion of undue prominence.

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of this enterprise is the vast improvement in the art of duo performance Pears and Britten have achieved since their 1949 tour here. The tenor has guarded his vocal resources well (at least for microphone purposes) and the reaction of the pianist to his impulses, however intuitive it may sound, is doubtless the product of much hard work. It is this community of impulse, the undeviating unity of results in tempos fast and slow, which is the real distinction of this partnership, and gives its "Schöne Müllerin" an honored place beside the best by contemporaries: Fischer-Dieskau, Häfliger, Schiøtz. Pears tends to overdo the pathos of such songs as "Der Neugierige" and "Die liebe Farbe," but quibbles about artistry on this level could only be called captious. Fine, full-bodied recording is another plus, though not the economy-minded annotation that restricts text matter to an English prose-paraphrase of Müller.

Busch-Serkin Schubert

SCHUBERT: *Trio in E flat (Opus 100). Adolf Busch, violin, Rudolf Serkin, piano, and Hermann Busch, cello.* "Great Recordings of the Century," Angel COLH 43, $5.98.

As Rudolf Serkin is very much alive, active, and a finer pianist today than ever before, some might raise the query: Why reissue a performance of 1935, which must be inferior in almost every conceivable way to those now being made, when the persons to constitute another trio of high quality around Serkin are readily available? True, it would not be the Busch-Serkin-Busch trio of 1935, but is that so important?

To raise such questions would be to show ignorance of just the one way in which this group was superior to any conceivable today. For it was not a trio built "around" anybody, even Adolf Busch, who was at that time at the height of his fame, and of a repute matched perhaps only by Enesco and Huberman in their mutual specialities. It was a completely integrated entity, of three bodies and six hands, but with a single mind fused from the three mutually employed.

There is thus in this playing—another war ago, on the other side in time of Belsen, Auschwitz, and Nüremberg—an aroma, an aura, a perfume even, of a musical fragrance all the sweeter from being distilled with as pure musical motives as ever animated a performance of anything. Not the least, for those who knew it when it was new, was the impact in the discovery of a musician-pianist as fine as Serkin,

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for it was one of the first recordings of anything to spread his fame beyond Central Europe. Those who know him as the illustrious name he is today will find it difficult to rediscover such an impact. But if it is true that the tissue of the human body is replaced every seven years, this one is three and a half Serkins ago—yet in essence the musician he was destined to become. Brother Hermann Busch supports his responsibilities on the cello in a way as solid as it is unobtrusive, and the recording, for all its years, has fine clarity, detail, and resonance.

Sutherland, Phase Two

ARNE: *"The Soldier Tir'd"* (*Artaxerxes*); HANDEL: *"Let the Bright Seraphim"* (*Samson*); BELLINI: *"Casta diva"* (*Norma*), *"Son vergin vezzosa"* (*I Puritani*); ROSSINI: *"Bel raggio"* (*Semiramide*); BELLINI: *"Qui la voce"* (*I Puritani*), *"Come per me sereno"* (*La Sonnambula*); GOUNOD: *"Ah! je ris"* (*Faust*), *"Je veux vivre"* (*Roméo et Juliette*); VERDI: *"Salce, salce"* (*Otello*), *"Ah! fors' è lui"* (*La Traviata*), *"Caro Nome"* (*Rigoletto*); MOZART: *"Martern aller Arten"* (*Die Entführung*); MEYERBEER: *"O beau pays"* (*Les Huguenots*); DELIBES: *"Où va la jeune Indoue"* (*Lakmé*); THOMAS: *"A vos jeux"* (*Hamlet*). *Joan Sutherland, soprano, with orchestra and chorus conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli.* London OSA 1214, $11.98.

Joan Sutherland's career has plainly entered Phase Two, in which she is no longer a singer, performing as well as she is able, but a Property. And, like any other piece of property, this one must be utilized, exploited, and of course "improved." In this all-too-gay example of wishful thinking, Miss Sutherland's English sponsors are not content that she should sing a miscellany of music from Arne to Verdi in each of her several voices; they affiliate her with such shadowy figures of the past as Elizabeth Billington and Giuditta Pasta and such others of the recent present as Amelita Galli-Curci. Had the editorial latitude included a tribute, however measured, to Maria Callas, the endeavor could be admired for a humorous attitude toward an essentially humorous subject: but it is all pursued with deadly seriousness.

As for Miss Sutherland's singing, it continues to pursue the way of its even soprano—clear, impeccably on pitch, with a usable range up to D sharp (or E flat, as the case may be) which tops out a number of excerpts like the

(*continued on page* 43)

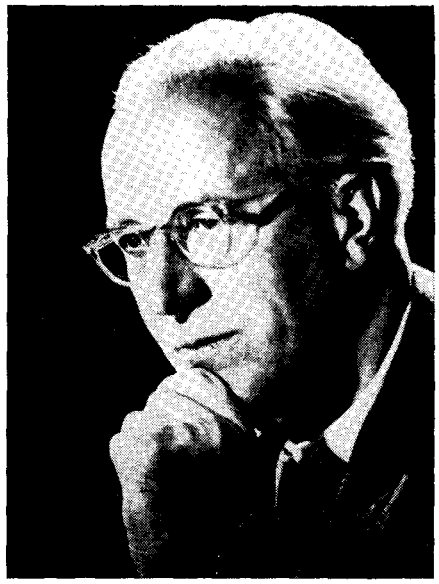
The Freshness of "Freischütz"

IF THIS happy event from the delivery room of Deutsche Grammophon (DGS 138639/40, $13.96) results in a new birth of interest in Weber generally and "Der Freischütz" in particular, it will be blessed indeed. For there is little doubt that there is no equal operatic masterpiece so little known to the American public, with no performances of consequence since those at the Metropolitan in the later Twenties.

Why that should be so is in no respect evident from this highly qualified performance, admirably conducted by Eugen Jochum, beautifully played by the orchestra of the Bavarian radio, and sung with qualities ranging from able to excellent by a well-chosen cast. For those unfortunates who cannot reckon a memory of the total "Freischütz" it may be said, merely, that the well-beloved, oft-performed overture is not one of those preludes to an equivocal evening. It is merely the kind of sample akin to such a condensation as instant coffee—bracing, perhaps, but not to be compared in satisfaction to the real brew.

And brew it is, too, in this recording, from the first crack of the hunter's gun to the magic high jinks of the Wolf's Glen, which emerge from the engineer's melting pot as (not unexpectedly) high-fi jinks. Echo chambers and other devices are hardly required to make Kurt Böhme's voice eerily expansive, but they have been well used nevertheless. I never had the pleasure of seeing Georg Hann's Kaspar on the stage, but the famous recording of the Forties suggested he was the best in his line since Michael Bohnen. There can hardly be higher praise of Böhme than to say that he equals Hann in sound, and since he has been seen here on the stage, there is little doubt that he could match Bohnen in action.

As there can be no proper "Freischütz" without a suitable Kaspar, this one is expertly provided for in its leading role, and hardly less well served in its important subordinate ones. Among them is Richard Holm as the tenor-voiced Max, who not only sings his two arias tolerably, but also characterizes the role well in its spoken and recitative phases. Irmgard Seefried's Agathe is marked by perhaps too much of the painfully thoughtful singing in which she has recently been indulging, but there is certainly no lack of either understanding or vocal quality. As the sisterly Aennchen, Rita Streich is almost visibly fluttery, and as virginal-sounding as one could ask. Eberhard Waechter does as well as necessary the even smaller part of Ottokar. The chorus, like the orchestra, is of de luxe quality, responding to Jochum with all that he demands.



Jochum—"highly qualified performance."

As a work of art, "Freischütz" is perhaps what the world needs right now more than anything—romanticism of the deepest purple hue, shot through with the greenery of forests and the bright blue of invariably sunny skies—invariably, that is, until man gets in his dirty work as a temptable animal. But there is a pure-hearted female to redeem the error of his ways, and all ends, as it too seldom does either in art or life today, happily.

Some may quarrel with this description of the philosophical content of "Freischütz" but few can take exception to the description of it as one of the most melody-laden, professionally adroit compositions ever created for the stage. Then, the query must follow, why is it so seldom heard today outside of Germany? Some would make mention of the German dialogue, and it is a hazard; but "Fidelio" suffers the same debility, and has managed to make its way nevertheless. If this suggests an equation in which "Freischütz" is akin to "Fidelio," then—in freshness, zest, and inimitable individuality—that is just what I mean. And if it hasn't been heard lately in America, then it is only for lack of impresarios who share that view. No matter: the home listener can now have his "Freischütz" gloriously, and a pox on the impresari.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Barber: Symphony in One Movement. Concerto. William Strickland conducting the Japan Philharmonic Orchestra and the Imperial Philharmonic Symphony, with Wolfgang Stavonhagen, violin. Composers Recording CRI 137, $5.95.	Neither of these approaches the qualities of luxury sound associated with comparable domestic productions, but each has its points. This is especially true of the concerto, for which Stavonhagen (otherwise unidentified) performs with fine comprehension, excellent sound, and warm interpretive enthusiasm. The difference between the two orchestras is not spelled out (assuming the two names are not in error), but they play at about the same capacity. Strickland gets a good deal out of them, especially in the concerto, but the thin, rather strident sound is an unquestionable demerit.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Capitol SG 7223, $5.98.	This is very likely the fastest No. 7 on, or off, records, reflecting the apparent Beecham view that it is a light-footed, high-spirited work which is commonly made to sound ponderous and overly "significant." The treatment works very well for the first three movements—the fast ones suitably jaunty and forward-moving, the Allegretto taken at a pace measured to theirs, and appealingly so. However, the commitment to impetus becomes something of a liability in the finale, where the churning undercurrent in the bass strings can hardly be articulated at his chosen pace. In the end, the haste throughout strikes one as a little unseemly. (Monaural: G 7223, $4.98.)
Berlioz: "Love Scene," ("Romeo and Juliet"), "Minuet," "Danse des Sylphes," and "Rakoczy" March ("Damnation de Faust"); Mendelssohn: "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" Overture. Antal Dorati conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. Epic BC 1094, $5.98.	Dorati and the Concertgebouw make a compatible partnership, even more so here than in some earlier collaborations. The "Romeo and Juliet" excerpt is particularly well played, his sensible leadership and the warming string sound of the orchestra achieving Berlioz's atmospheric purpose convincingly. The overside items (especially the "Minuet" and "Danse") do not match some virtuoso standards of the past in this repertory, but they are ably performed nevertheless; likewise the Mendelssohn overture, which concludes but does not complete the second side. The orchestral sound is full of shades and highlights complementary to the music. (Monaural: LC 3723, $4.98.)
Brahms: Hungarian Dances (Nos. 5, 6, 7, 12, 13, 19, 21, and 1); Dvorak: Slavonic Dances, Opus 46, Nos. 1, 3, and 8, Opus 72, Nos. 1 and 2. Fritz Reiner conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London CS 6198, $5.98.	Reiner and the Vienna players make much of their collaboration in the Brahms dances, less in the Dvorak, where the sentiment is closer to the surface and some of the sophistication in the conductor's treatment tends to overstate the case slightly. His sense of tempo-changes and exemplary control of the orchestra recall his treatment of exactly the same group of eight Brahms dances with the Pittsburgh Orchestra on a bygone Columbia issue. The effect of Reiner's musical personality on the orchestra is keenly reflected in the reproduced sound. (Monaural: CM 9267, $4.98.)
Dvorak: Symphony in E minor ("New World"). Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Mercury SR 90262, $5.98. (Monaural: 50262, $4.98.)	To judge from this propulsive, well-performed product, the pace of the "New World" is faster in the Motor City than it is elsewhere. Or perhaps it is a conception that Paray brought with him from Paris. In any case, the sections of the work all conform to the pulse established by Paray in the opening movement, which provides an internal unity. But even for such an excellent group of players as Paray has assembled in Detroit, the pace grows a bit frantic in the scherzo and finale as the tunes grow more animated and the notes tend to tumble over one another.
Gould: "Fall River Legend" and "Spirituals." Howard Hanson conducting the Eastman-Rochester Orchestra. Mercury SR 90263, $5.98. (Monaural: 50263, $4.98.)	Two of Gould's best works, these are delivered with power and sympathy by Hanson and his responsive players. Gould is clearly a more persuasive creator in the programmatic genre than he is when following an abstract pattern. Both of these works have a strong central theme for him to elaborate, and his excellent resources of musical craftsmanship and orchestral technique are well utilized. What is perhaps more to the point is that the musical interest in each is self-sustaining, without respect to a close knowledge of the story elements involved. Clean, well-defined recording.
Harkness: "Barcelona" Suite, "Gift of the Magi." Sylvan Levin conducting. Vanguard VSD 2071, $5.98.	Vanguard has done its reputation for quality merchandise no good with this dubious product. It is, in the first place, a species of dead, tight, unreverberant recording that, by most manufacturers' preference, went out with the maturity of LP; the orchestra is of indifferent quality, and the performance perfunctory. Finally, the music of Rebekah Harkness (an American composer of limited public performance) is of the kind that hardly would be recorded without subsidy. It is not merely conservative (which would be no major indictment of it) but amateurish (which is). An addendum to the sleeve notes drawing attention to the activities of a "West Projects, Inc." sponsoring "Landmarks of American Music" would be more convincing if the phrase were in any degree applicable to this item. (Monaural: VRS 1058, $4.98.)
Poulenc: Concerto for Two Pianos. Saint-Saëns: "Carnival of the Animals." Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe, duo pianists, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Pierre Dervaux. Capitol SP 8537, $5.98. (Monaural: P 8537, $4.98.)	A new recording of the elegantly tuneful and tunefully elegant concerto of Poulenc has been on the record-buyer's want list for some time, and this one fulfills requirements handsomely. Whittemore and Lowe (who recorded it originally a dozen years ago with the late Dimitri Mitropoulos) have added refinement and subtlety to their performance in the intervening time, and Dervaux (whose good abilities have been sampled on half a dozen recordings previously) makes a contribution of value. The excellent orchestra and its various virtuosi first-desk men are also involved in what is possibly the best-sounding "Carnival of the Animals" yet produced, though a companion piece more in keeping with the musical sophistication of the Poulenc would seem in order.
Prokofiev: "Romeo and Juliet" Suite. Karel Ancerl conducting the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Parliament S 132, $2.98.	Ancerl is a conductor of known qualities, and his Czech Philharmonic is again at the level of efficiency which made it, in normal times, one of the best beyond the Danube. Here they are assisted by contemporary engineering techniques, working in a space suitable for brilliant, well-balanced stereo sound. Hence it may be expected that future products of this orchestra will provide another source of superior musical merchandise. The ten sections, played with perception and finesse, are "Montagues and Capulets," "The Young Juliet," "Masques," "Romeo and Juliet," "Friar Laurence," "Dance of the Antillean Maidens," "Dance," "Death of Tybalt," "Romeo and Juliet's Parting," and "Romeo at Juliet's Tomb." (Monaural: PLP 132, $1.98.)
Wagner: "Tristan" excerpts; Falla: "El Amor Brujo." Leopold Stokowski conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra, with Shirley Verrett-Carter, mezzo soprano. Columbia MS 6147, $5.98. (Monaural: ML 5479, $4.98.)	A memento of last winter's momentous reunion of conductor and orchestra after twenty year's interruption affirms, for those who were not able to share the experience "live," that they remain a matchless combination. There is less inevitability in the favor bestowed on the composers, for the Falla shows as much an influence of Stokowski's personality, in electric charge, as the Wagner does of his editorializing juxtaposition of content. Miss Verrett-Carter's ample voice is thrown into the music rather than merely projecting it, which is one method of treatment if not necessarily the best. The results sound not merely vigorous but crude. Those who like their Wagner hyphenated will find the Stokowski-Wagner as purposefully produced as ever. —Irving Kolodin.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Bach by Klemperer, Gala "Fledermaus"

LONDON.

IT WAS presumably inevitable that, having been launched with a bang by the unforgettable Leningrad Orchestra, our present musical season had to simmer down to a level where it might "tick over" until after the New Year. Then the tension should mount once more in anticipation of Covent Garden's new "Fidelio" under Klemperer, scheduled for the end of February, and the projected visit of Sviatoslav Richter, whose transatlantic triumphs have been eagerly followed by the British public—so much so that the demand for tickets will cause the Festival Hall box office the biggest headache since the final visit to London of Toscanini.

Nevertheless, there have been some outstanding concerts during the past few weeks, among them a notable performance of Mahler's Second Symphony that marked the debut in England of Lorin Maazel. The London Symphony, our most improved orchestra of late, has given us some splendid evenings—especially when, under Antal Dorati, it performed two great twentieth-century masterpieces, Bartók's "Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta" and Stravinsky's "Sacre," while Klemperer has been very active with the Philharmonia, though yielding variable results in programs that steered clear of Beethoven or Brahms symphonies. After a disappointing, overdeliberate "Missa Solemnis," and an unusual evening of concertos (Mozart K.488 with Annie Fischer, Brahms Double Concerto with Szeryng and Starker, and all three soloists in the Beethoven Triple Concerto) that promised more than it fulfilled, Klemperer reasserted his mastery with a superb reading of Schubert's C major Symphony and, most recently, presided over a "Brandenburg Marathon" when all six concertos were played in one evening by Philharmonia principals plus the German trumpeter Adolf Scherbaum, and harpsichordist George Malcolm (who, earlier that day, performed the entire "Goldberg Variations" in the same hall!).

At Covent Garden, meanwhile, following Joan Sutherland's latest success in "La Sonnambula," we have had the long-overdue revival of "Wozzeck"—not heard here since our memorable Kleiber seasons—with Geraint Evans back from San Francisco to sing the title role. Evans will also be heard as Bottom in the forthcoming London premiere of Britten's "Midsummer Night's Dream," which is to be conducted by Georg Solti; the part of Oberon, assigned by Britten to a countertenor voice, has not been rearranged for tenor (as was widely expected) but will be sung by Russell Oberlin, who is appearing at the Royal Opera House for the first time.

December's record issues, as has been the custom for some years past, are none too numerous, largely because new discs are so frequently delayed these days (particularly the stereo versions) that the companies are afraid lest recordings advertised for Christmas fail to reach the shops before the New Year. Decca's Gala "Fledermaus" was a case in point: after an advance publicity campaign that may well be unique in recording history (usually our companies guard details of forthcoming releases like so many state secrets), the album arrived several weeks late—by which time the advertising had lost much of its impetus. Nonetheless, this project, so rich in gimmicks and blessed with a recording of superlative quality, can hardly fail in box office terms. Artistically the performance of the operetta proper hardly compares with the same company's ten-year-old set directed by the late Clemens Krauss, but one must admire the resource shown by John Culshaw and his production assistants in their handling of stage and orchestra, and the

way in which the preposterous yet highly entertaining all-star concert is made to appear a normal part of the action.

Apart from a handful of cheap Ace of Clubs reissues—including the Boult-directed "Messiah," newly transferred onto three discs and therefore offered at only three guineas (a month or two ago one had to pay almost £8, or twice as much, for the top-label, four-disc version!) the latest Decca-group classical release is confined to three sets of two discs apiece. Last Christmas Decca gave us a D'Oyly Carte Company performance of "HMS Pinafore" and, for the first time, included the spoken dialogue long familiar to G & S devotees. Now it is the turn of "Iolanthe" to be presented as a vivid stage performance and, with time fast running out for the copyright holders of the Savoy Operas, this could well be the last recording to be issued under the old, unique dispensation. During the coming year all the G & S favorites will come onto the open market and, even now, Sadler's Wells is undoubtedly planning its first "Mikado." This is what the company's operetta department has been working toward these past two or three seasons, establishing meanwhile a modern-style technique of light-opera presentation with works by Offenbach, Johann Strauss, Lehar, and, by way of scraping the bottom of the barrel, Edward German (after whose "Merrie England" even the least of G & S is bound to appear a masterpiece of wit and musical invention). Ritualist Savoyards will no doubt shudder in anticipation of high jinks at Titipu, yet I have little doubt that a fresh approach, plus some good operatic voices, will do wonders for Sullivan's reputation.

NOW that the hopes cherished by many for a Beecham recording of Berlioz's "Grand Messe des Morts" have all but vanished, the new RCA stereo set conducted by Munch affords welcome consolation. This is a fine achievement, even if Berlioz's more extravagant passages (admittedly few and far between in this beautiful and predominantly devotional score) tax our present, twin-channel stereo technique to its limits. On the whole, however, RCA's engineers have done a splendid job, and the performance is deeply satisfying—possibly the finest of Munch's phonographic achievements to date. Is it too much to hope, I wonder, that we may one day hear him conduct and record "Les Troyens" in its entirety?

Nothing comparable to RCA's Berlioz emerges from the EMI December issues. These include Menuhin's thoughtful account of the Beethoven Concerto and Klemperer's analytical study—more lecture than performance—of the Fifth Symphony (with the rather perfunctory "König Stephan" Overture as fill-up). Far more satisfying to my ears is a disc by the same conductor of music by Richard Strauss, scheduled for January and containing magnificently spacious, exciting performances of "Don Juan," "Till," and the famous strip-tease number from

(*Continued on page* 41)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Quartet in E minor, Opus 59, No. 2. Janacek Quartet. Westminster WST 14118, $5.98.	First-class Beethoven and first-class quartet playing by an ensemble that has strongly marked ideas of what it wants to do, and doesn't hesitate to pursue them, even if it means a little roughening of tonal polish here and there. The leadership of Jiri Travnicek is purposeful and thoroughly respected by his associates. They have in gratifying degree the uniformity of sound desired in a group aspiring to high-level performance, and a good balance of capacity in the second violin and viola. Westminster's stereo is well conceived, the group sound enhanced without losing perspective of the individual instruments. (Monaural: 18936, $4.98.)
Chopin: Preludes, Opus 28, Polonaise No. 6 (A flat). Geza Anda, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 138084, $6.98. (Monaural: 18604, $5.98.)	Anda has the good fingers required for the more exacting of these pieces, his musical understanding is sound, and he performs for the most part with good taste. What is lacking, however, is the skill in striking a mood, or depicting an atmosphere, or surrounding an emotion with the swift directness to match Chopin's own mastery of the vignette. He rarely makes a mentionable error, but the playing is rather wan emotionally, and lacking in tonal charm. As encore, the Polonaise is indeed suitable to the foregoing Preludes, partaking of the same mental and temperamental factors. Good piano sound.
Debussy: Preludes. Daniel Ericourt, piano. Kapp KDX 6501, $4.98.	Ericourt's effort is on a consistently high plane of musical and pianistic understanding, thoroughly knowing and tonally resourceful. He has a sure ability to discriminate between the comparable qualities of "La sérénade interrompue" and "Minstrels," or "La cathédrale engloutie" and "Ondine." "Hommage à S. Pickwick, Esq., P.P.M.P.C." fares especially well in Ericourt's treatment. If a reservation must be made, it would have to do with a certain objectivity in his playing. Excellent piano reproduction; strong, sustained, well centered. (Stereo; KXS 6501, $5.98.)
Dvorak: "Song to the Moon" ("Rusalka"); Gluck: "Divinités du Styx" ("Alceste"); Mascagni: "Voi lo sapete" ("Cavalleria"); Verdi: "La luce langue" ("Macbeth"), "Pace, pace" ("Forza"); Debussy: "Air de Lia" ("L'Enfant prodigue"); Giordano: "La mamma morta" ("Andrea Chénier"); Cilea: "Io son l'umile ancella" ("Adriana Lecouvreur"). Inge Borkh, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Rudolf Moralt and Anatole Fistoulari. London OS 25195, $5.98.	As the list of contents suggests, Inge Borkh is entitled to charter membership in the "You Name It, I'll Sing It" sorority. It may be added that, wide as the discrepancy between them is, Borkh can sing "Divinités du Styx" (the German text unfortunately is misrepresented by the French title) and "La luce langue" equally well—which is to say, with equal amounts of justice and injustice, depending on whether she is minding her vocal Ps and Qs or not. At medium power, Borkh's voice has developed an amount of regulated control which would satisfy any ordinary singer's quest for volume. But Borkh pushes it beyond any reasonable need constantly, especially at the top of "La mamma morta," and the prayer from "Forza." At times, the throbby, constricted sound comes close to sounding like Lotte Lehmann's, but she doesn't possess a like artistic purpose to make it pay dividends, though the "Rusalka" excerpt is an indication of the results she could accomplish consistently. (Monaural: 5555, $4.98.)
Goodman, S.: Scherzo for Percussion, etc. Goodman Percussion Ensemble. Columbia CS 8333, $4.98. (Monaural: CL 1533, $3.98.)	If there must be percussion records (and there apparently must) more of them should be like this one, developed under the direction of the long-time timpani virtuoso of the New York Philharmonic. The art content of the various pieces is hardly more substantial than a drumhead, but it is at least put together by such able musicians as Harold Faberman ("Theme and Variations"), Robert Starer ("Night Music"), Morton Gould ("Parade"), Fred Karlin ("Re: Percussion"), and William Russo ("Music for Percussion") as well as Goodman himself. Also included are such specialties as Schreiner's "The Worried Drummer" and a version of "Hora Staccato." Few instruments that can be beaten, shaken, or struck are omitted in the expert performances by Goodman and his associates (Walter Rosenberger, Elden Bailey, Morris Lang, Ronald Gould, and Herbert Harris).
Haydn: "Lo Speziale." Camerata Academica des Salzburger Mozarteums, Rolf Maedel, conductor. Epic 1105, $5.98. (Monaural: LC 3739, $4.98.)	The modest pleasures of this one-act opera bufta written for performance on the estate of Haydn's patron, Esterhazy, are more than a little diluted by the inadequate performers. They (Wladimir Smid-Kowar, baritone, Elisabeth Schönauer, soprano, Erich Zur Eck, tenor, and Eva Brinck, soprano) sound mostly young and, though they are vocally promising, lack either the technical or artistic resources required for this music. Some of it is florid, and all of it requires agility, which is not in sufficient supply. Rolf Maedel's conducting is of about the same quality.
Hindemith: Octet (1957-58). Fine Arts Quartet, members of the New York Woodwind Quintet. Sonata for Viola (Opus 25, No. 1). Irving Ilmer, viola. Concert Disc CS 218, $4.98. (Monaural: 1218, $4.98.)	A first recording of this octet and a welcome one, for it permits a re-evaluation of the work without the magnetism of the composer's presence as conductor which accompanied its introduction in Town Hall in February, 1959. It remains a persuasive experience, as full of meat as a nut, but with no such hard shell to crack. It is all decidedly well served by David Glazer, clarinet, John Barrows, French horn, Arthur Weisberg, bassoon, and the Sorkin-Ilmer-Loft-Sopkin-Siegel (double bass) string quintet. Ilmer, incidentally, reveals himself as an outstanding violist in his fluent, well-proportioned fine-sounding discourse of the early (1923) sonata. Uncommonly good reproduction in both instances.
Paganini: Caprices, Nos. 1 to 24. Ruggiero Ricci, violin. London CS 6163, $5.98.	For a performer to undertake this complete sequence, rather than a selection from it, is equivalent to an affidavit that he is qualified to play all of the Caprices equally well. This is not the case with Ricci, who performs more than a majority extremely well, but seven or eight of the others decidedly less well. His double stopping is not always clean, and crossing strings roughens his sound more than a little. What is more disaffecting than the occasional technical lapses, however, is Ricci's failure to make the most of Paganini's not inconsiderable musical distinction, the quality of his melodic gift and harmonic originality. He might be recommended to the unforgotten excellencies of William Primrose's artistry in some of these transcribed for viola. (Monaural: CM 9244, $4.98.)
Pergolesi: "La Serva Padrona." Renata Scotto, soprano, Sesto Bruscantini, bass, and I Virtuosi di Roma conducted by Renato Fasano. Mercury SR 90240, $5.98. (Monaural: 50240, $4.98.)	The qualities of taste and leadership which Fasano provided to make the recent version of Paisiello's "Barber of Seville" the delight it is are again a conspicuous asset of this effort. The difference here, however, is that the variety in the work is more limited, its appeal dependent in larger measure on the performers. Bruscantini provides all that could be wanted of an Uberto, but Renata Scotto is not quite so successful a Serpina. Nevertheless for those with a taste for this kind of light diversion, the venture has strong qualities to commend it, especially in the playing of the instrumental score under the direction of Fasano. The recording (made, like its predecessor, in Brescia) is excellent.
Schubert: "Album Leaf"; Beethoven: "Für Elise"; Wagner: "Black Swans," etc. Frank Glazer, piano. Concert Disc CS 219, $4.98.	Whether or not all these pieces conform to the specification binding them together (as "album leaves," or creations written on behalf of a friend or admirer of the composer) is less important than that Glazer plays them all very well, with a blend of vigor and warmth nicely adjusted to the scope of the pieces. He is not only an excellent technician, but also a performer able to delve quickly as well as deeply into the essence of a work and make it audible. Included are two works of Chopin, three of Liszt, two by Mozart and, of special interest, two sketches for piano written by Wagner during his Paris visit of 1861, one of which looks back to "Tristan," the other ahead to "Meistersinger." Clear, vibrant piano sound. (Monaural: 1219, $4.98.) —I. K.

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"Salome." Only the trial of poor Till is a shade disappointing; it is rather hurried and seems out of place in a reading of such breadth. Could it be that Dr. Klemperer is trying to suggest the concept of "summary justice"?

For the rest we have Moura Lympany's agreeable, lightweight playing of the Chopin Waltzes, stereo versions of the Menuhin-Philharmonia-Kurtz "Swan Lake" excerpts and Fischer-Dieskau's beautiful recital of Bach Cantata Arias, and a late arrival from November: songs by Schumann ("Frauenliebe und Leben") and Brahms ("Zigeunerlieder" and a handful of assorted items), glowingly performed by Christa Ludwig and Gerald Moore. This is easily the most impressive disc the young German mezzo has made to date and suggests that she is fast developing into a great interpreter of Lieder.

Into the category of seasonable fare comes an attractive and unusual collection of carols, arranged for a capella chorus by Sir Malcolm Sargent and finely sung under his direction by the Royal Choral Society, while that rising star of the British screen, Peter Sellers, provides further proof of his versatility with a collection of songs and character sketches, attractively partnered by his co-star in the recent film version of Bernard Shaw's "The Millionairess," Sophia Loren.

As so often before, only Argo has come to the rescue of the younger generation with another superb dramatization of a children's classic: Kenneth Graham's "The Wind in the Willows." The excellent cast of experienced BBC actors, veterans of countless "Children's Hour" productions, includes many names familiar to us from the same company's sets of "Alice" and "Through the Looking Glass": notably Norman Shelley as the irrepressible Toad, Frank Duncan as Ratty, Richard Goolden as Mole, Tony Church as Badger, and Derek Guyler as Otter. Patrick Wymark is the storyteller, and Argo's effects department has spared no effort to set the scene with the help of nature sounds, a wheezing branch-line railway and, of course, Toad's fatal and beloved motor cars. It goes without saying that, at a time when authentic period instruments are all the rage in the performance of old music, the idea of Toad driving off in the latest Jaguar sports model would have amounted to an indefensible anachronism since "The Wind in the Willows" was written in 1908: thus a recording team was sent to Lord Montague's Motor Museum to capture the sounds of a 1904 Sunbeam and a "Prince Henry" Vauxhall of slightly later vintage—nostalgic sonorities dear to antique-car fanciers.

—Thomas Heinitz.

THE AMEN CORNER

Year-End Thoughts

As 1961 comes on, I am led to reflect that jazz is a remarkable example of the acceleration of modern life. Virtually a folk art at the turn of the century, it has spread and developed, with the aid of modern discography and swift communication, until today it is a world art full of sophisticated interests, problems, and pretensions. The pace has been dizzying, and a backward glance is as apt to dislocate the time sense as those pages in Proust in which a gentleman last encountered in the prime of life is suddenly seen to have become a fossil. In 1911 there was no recorded jazz. In 1921 Dixieland was old-fashioned and "symphonic jazz" was the rage. In 1931 most of the best records of Louis Armstrong had already been made, Duke Ellington was royal indeed, and Benny Goodman and "swing" were as yet publicly unknown. In 1941 "swing" was losing its appeal and a Dixieland revival held the headlines. By 1951 Charlie Parker and other subtle innovators had for some ten years been giving the basic impetus to what is still known as modern jazz. And in 1961?

So far as the jazz future is concerned, two facts will at once strike the informed observer. The first is that in the jazz world today there is much more interest than ever before in general musical theory and procedures (modal writing, polytonality, atonality, etc.). This would seem to suggest an increasing linkage of jazz with the general, international body of musical development. The second obvious fact is that jazz has still produced little or nothing in the way of extended musical structures. The most ramified works of such jazz composers as Duke Ellington and John Lewis are architecturally simple by conventional musical standards. Here there is the suggestion of syncopated worlds to conquer.

I am far from trying to indicate what will happen, let alone what ought to happen. I am merely interested in what *might*. I will leave the action to the musicians themselves—this is a matter of their urges. There are certain so-called jazz critics who often write as though they should lecture to the performers. I make no such claims. On the contrary, I am distressed by the idea of the amount of pompous, confusing nonsense jazz criticism may produce in this period when jazz musicians are increasingly conscious of the diversity of musical forms. Words like modal, polytonal, and atonal are fine things to bandy about with a show of authority. They are, of course, no more than indications of certain procedures; they say nothing about the quality of a given piece of music that employs those procedures. But they lend themselves to a bogus air of significance. It is also unfortunate that such words seem to promote sectarianism, and thus encourage the critical vices of intolerance and arrogance.

A few new discs recommend themselves, with no need for a glossary. Joyce Collins is a young woman who plays the jazz piano with glint and spirit and a finely disciplined style; she is a cogently rhythmic pleasure all the way from blues to "Just in Time," and her excellent assistants are Frank Butler, drums, and Roy Green, bass (Jazzland JLP 24). Roland Hanna is a polished jazz pianist, rather on the bland and ornamental side, but he is obviously a superlative ballad player; his performance of Rodgers and Hart's lovely "It Never Entered My Mind" is a model of sentiment and sensitivity; I would like to hear an entire LP of Hanna in first-class numbers from this area (Atco 33-125).

The alto saxophone star Julian "Cannonball" Adderley has recently been working with a powerhouse quintet including his brother Nat Adderley, cornet, Sam Jones, bass, and Louis Hayes, drums. In a new LP they are joined by the English pianist Victor Feldman, whose ardent and sometimes richly modulatory playing only increases the fire of the gathering. He also contributes a provocative Latin number, "Azule Serape." The disc is full of fluent invention and high gusto (Riverside RLP 344).

Two of the newer tenor saxophone players (little or no vibrato, hard tone) hold me with the sobriety of their invention at a time when pyrotechnics are still a glut on the market. Both do credit to varied programs and have admirable support. With Walter Benton are Freddy Hubbard, trumpet; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb or Albert Heath, drums (Jazzland JLP 28). With Clifford Jordan are Cedar Walton, piano; Spanky De Brest, bass; Albert Heath, drums (Riverside RLP 340).

—Wilder Hobson.

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Landowska on Three Keyboards

By JAN HOLCMAN

WERE it not for the earthly RCA label, one might believe Landowska's new Haydn album a gift from the other world (2-LM 6073; piano, harpsichord). She died a year ago but her music continues to turn up as though she were still recording, wherever she may be.

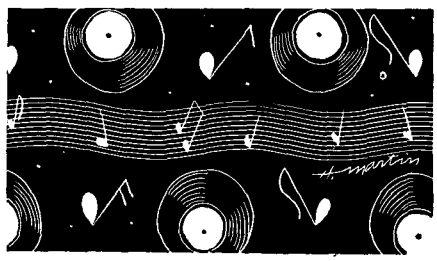
The new album, endowed with her customary superb glosses, contains the Andante con Variazioni and five sonatas. It occurred to Landowska to include the very pieces which youngsters are wont to punish and to restore them to Haydn. Landowska's discography begins shortly before the birth of the electrical disc, in 1923. She suffused her interpretive insights through 200-odd harpsichord renditions of Couperin, Rameau, Scarlatti, Handel, and Bach—sixteen solid hours, not counting private recordings. She also left a few piano discs. Some pieces, such as Handel's Variations, Landowska recorded in three separate decades, thus disclosing her own artistic variations.

In enthusiasm and inventiveness Landowska was agelessly youthful; but through early association with Bach and Couperin she took to living two and a half centuries ago and was at least 330 years old when she left us. Thus a wise and sprightly familiarity pervades all her readings. Just as the pickpocket who concentrates on the style and character of landing his fingers into but one "poke" far surpasses the general performer, so Wanda Landowska's keen focus on the Baroque harpsichord was rewarded with mastery in performance and unerring artistic choice. During her first excursions it was difficult to follow her in her special recess, but slowly the habit caught on and with it came a steady appreciation of the delights she supplied.

Naturally, the harpsichord's contrasting registers do not sound to our piano-dominated ears as they did to Bach's contemporaries. However beautiful, these sonorities impressed them as far more "natural." To us they inevitably have an antiquarian flavor and exotic appeal. An analogous transposition seems to govern Landowska's interpretive esthetics. Her predecessors tended to overromanticize the already romantic Chopin, while modern artists incline to extreme classicism in already classical pieces. Not Landowska. We don't know how *she* would have approached a Chopin Ballade, but the impact Landowska achieves with the old masters emanates in very large measure from her sense of *counterbalance,* e.g., from her reasonable exploitation of agogics. She knew that in Couperin's day, when no Chopins existed, Couperin himself partook of the romantic. And her just admixture of rubato follows an ancient performing tradition to which Mozart was not alien. Likewise, Landowska's declamatory readings of certain Haydn passages add a remarkable measure of warmth in her performances without affecting the much-debated "style" ("Haydn-as-he-really-was" *vs.* "Haydn-as-he-now-ought-to-be"). These occasional, quite spontaneous flights are guided by a thoughtful and disciplined pilot, who almost automatically recoils from converting the general course into a continuous gambol.

Landowska furthermore understood how to display in a novel tint and hue each repetition of the same phrase, a treatment for which the harpsichord offers richer possibilities than does even the piano. Sound historical tradition justifies her performing variation. "They told us," Landowska says of Mozart's contemporaries, "that one should play the principal theme upon each time of its reoccurrence in a slightly different way."

Even the repartition of Haydn performances between the harpsichord and the piano—yes, the very alternation of these instruments—had behind it the authority of Haydn himself, as she was very much aware; that she chose the more "instrumental" sonatas for the double keyboard and the more "vocal" ones for piano bespeaks her good taste as well as her erudition. Her recent recording on three keyboards once more proves that Landowska understood to the fullest the relative potentials of piano and harpsichord. Far more limited than the piano in dynamics, the harpsichord asserts its individuality in the colorful range of the registers, creating inimitable semiorchestral effects. Landowska's masterful instrumentations amply exploited her favored medium. As for her less extensive (yet very diversified) piano-diapason, Landowska's choice may perhaps be explained by her addiction to the harpsichord where her mastrful instrumentation didn't require a use of broad dynamics. In other words, Landowska's harpsichord-mindedness might have slightly prejudiced her against overemphatic piano shadings, although she herself preferred to justify her choice by an esthetic motivation: "Through continued excitement, the music finally becomes boring."



Landowska Plays Haydn

Sonata No. 35 in C (harpsichord)

Sonata No. 37 in D (harpsichord)

Sonata No. 40 in G (harpsichord)

Sonata No. 34 in E minor (piano)

Sonata No. 49 in E flat (piano)

Andante con Variazioni in F minor (piano)

LANDOWSKA'S piano reading of Haydn's Variations in F minor lends itself to a rewarding comparison with the version recorded by Paderewski in *his* late years. Her opening tempo, though far slower than Paderewski's, in no way dilutes the impact of her message, and one can no longer maintain that her daringly contained pace was conditioned by the harpsichord. To be sure, every keyboard sound dies down slower the longer it is held, but when Landowska plays with her majestic deliberation, both continuity and interest are sustained. Could this independent eloquence be misread for arbitrary whimsy? Landowska devoted a lifetime to studying every scrap of evidence revealing a composer's intent, and a profound awareness informs the interpretive lines chosen so wilfully and expressed with such convincing spontaneity.

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Recordings in Review

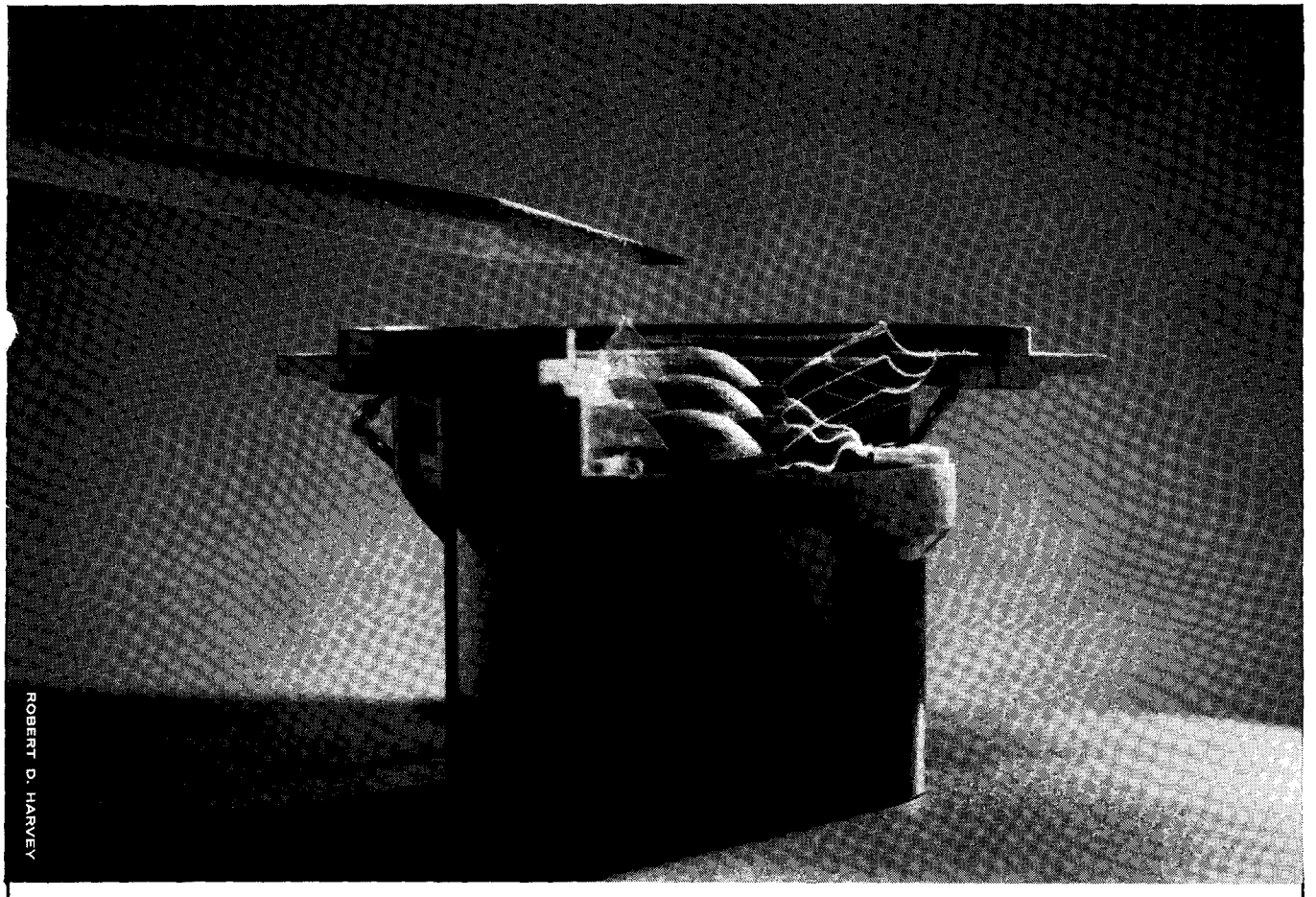
Continued from page 37

American flag hoisted into place to indicate that a building has reached its maximum height. For my taste, she is at her best in such leggiero matter as "Son vergin vezzosa" from "Puritani," in which the tone is lightly breathed on the note, like an exhalation on a cold day. In this vein, she has a brilliant flexibility quite remarkable, in a demonstration of muscular control as admirable as any skilled acrobatics.

But with all regard for the implication that Miss Sutherland combines the best qualities of Mrs. Billington, Angelica Catalani, Giuditta Pasta, Henriette Sontag, Maria Malibran, Giulia Grisi, Jenny Lind, Christine Nilsson, Adelina Patti, Emma Albani, Lilli Lehmann, Marcella Sembrich, Nellie Melba, Luisa Tetrazzini, Frieda Hempel, and Amelita Galli-Curci, she doesn't even combine the best qualities of Maria Callas and Lois Marshall. Her "Casta Diva," though faultlessly vocalized, is immaturely characterized (with or without the Callas comparison) and her "Martern aller Arten" lacks the impact and thrust of the version by Miss Marshall in the Beecham "Seraglio."

The most interesting of the four sides to me is the one bearing the "Valse" from Roméo," "Salce, salce," "Martern aller Arten" and "Ah! fors' è lui." This is a pretty broad target of singing by any standard but Miss Sutherland straddes it with a broadside from her heavy guns. Each has the limitation of most aria-singing, no matter how skillful, of having insufficient dramatic character.

The collection is beautifully turned out, not only in respect to engineering work, but also in the brochuring. However, for all the twelve portraits of the singers historically invoked, plus the ten likenesses of Miss Sutherland herself, economy decrees that no shred of textual matter about the sixteen pieces of music is included. Is this, so to speak, cricket?



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Rhapsodists of Modern Greece

By WALTER STARKIE

ALL enthusiasts of folk songs and folk literature will welcome the exceptionally interesting recordings of Modern Greek Heroic Poetry (Folkways FE 4468, $5.95) made by the distinguished Hellenist, James A. Notopoulos, Hobart Professor of Classics at Trinity College, Hartford. They present for the first time some of the heroic Byzantine ballads of the Akritic age, the oldest stratum of European balladry, and the Klephtic mountain songs that for centuries after the fall of Constantinople inspired the stoic resistance of the Greeks to the Turkish invaders. Furthermore, they enable us to deepen our knowledge of the Homeric epics by proving that the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" were not the products of writing but were created orally by the bardic *rhapsodos* who sewed his songs and legends together.

Professor Notopoulos has sought his material on the mainland of Greece in Salonika, in the mountains of Epirus, in Arcadia in the Peloponnesus, and in the islands of Crete and Cyprus. It is indeed a genuine folklorist's triumph to have been able to secure versions of the venerable Akritan cycle, which has descended in oral tradition from the skirmishes of the *Akrites*, or frontiersmen, who defended the Byzantine Empire against the raids from the Saracens in the ninth and tenth centuries.

The central hero of the cycle was Digenes Akritas, an epic hero with the bravery of Achilles, the strength of Heracles, and the glory of Alexander. He wielded a club like the god of strength, and his feats were superhuman; in fact, his name meant "born of two races," and when he selected a bride it was a daughter of the Doukas warrior clan, who corresponded to the Percies of our English frontier ballads. But the invincible Digenes has to face Charos, the sinister Knight of Death, dressed in black, who plays such an important part in Greek folklore even today. At first, even the knight of death is vanquished by the mighty Digenes, and God is forced to change Charos into a golden eagle to lay low the dauntless Greek hero. Digenes dies like Heracles in Sophocles's tragedy "The Trachenian Women."

The ballads of the abduction of his bride by Digenes, and of his death, originally came from Pontus and Cappadocia in Asia Minor, the original home of the most ancient European ballads, which were sung by the Paphlagonian *agyrtes*, or wandering mountebanks, at one obol apiece. The abduction in our recorded version is sung by a Pontus Greek in Salonika, Herakles Tsakalides, accompanied by the ancient *lyra* from Pontus, a small bowed instrument that is played on the knee. It thrills us to reflect that these Akritic ballads, which were so far removed from European Greece that they escaped the eyes and ears of the first collectors, have in the last twenty years been brought within our ken, thanks to the Greek migrations that accompanied the triumphal advance of Kemal Atatürk after World War I.

After listening to these ghostly relics of the ancient world (before Constantinople fell to the Turks in 1453) that have miraculously survived to our day, it is instructive to approach the Klephtic ballads in the light of these new researches. When Greece was enslaved by the Turks, the feats of Digenes and the earlier frontier heroes were emulated by those of the guerilla mountaineer warriors known as Klephts. The mountains of Greece, which constitute 80 per cent of the mainland, produced a highly individualistic, danger-loving hero who was imbued with Homeric qualities. So fierce and elusive were these so-called bandits that the Turks were forced to compromise with them and officially recognize an armed militia known as *armatoli* (armed men), whose duty was to serve as a kind of constabulary or *armatolik*, guarding the mountain passes, collecting taxes, and fighting off the Klephts.

The *armatolik* were eventually suppressed by Ali Pasha (1741-1822), but their survivors increased the power of the Klephts, and they became the liberators in the War of Independence (1821-1829). The Klephts became an epic type, fit for heroic themes, and their way of life, inspired by the manly ideal of *leventya*, captured the imagination of the people and enabled poets like Goethe to discover a new genre in world literature. After the first appearance of the Klephtic ballads in the seventeenth century, they reached their golden age in the eighteenth century, when the technique, the themes, and the basic melodies were consolidated.

The most poignant of all the ballads recorded by Professor Notopoulos is that of Lene Botzaris in memory of the celebrated heroine of the Suliotes, who belonged to the warrior family of Botzaris, of whom Markos is so far famed that he also appears as the national hero in Serbian ballads. In 1803 the Suliotes were completely surrounded and retreated to the cliff of Zalongo in Epirus. Our Suliote heroine, Lene Botzaris, fought bravely to the end, and to escape enslavement by the Turks leaped into the Achelous river and was drowned. The other Suliote women on the cliff of Zalongo, hand in hand with their children, formed a circle, and began dancing around the precipice, singing a sad farewell song, a hymn to the sun. When the leader of the ring reached the brink of the precipice she separated herself from the rest and cast herself into the abyss; then, after each verse, one by one the tragic band followed until all had perished.

What is exceptionally interesting to the folklorist is that the ballad of Lene Botzaris was recorded by Dr. Notopoulos from a band of gypsy musicians in Yannina of Epirus. Today bands of gypsy musicians, mostly from Epirus, have taken over the instrumental accompaniments, and have, in accordance with gypsy tradition, introduced changes in the music of the ballads by interpolating oriental chromatizations, marked ornamentation, and variations in the cadences. Incidentally, the present writer, when collecting gypsy folk music in Greece in 1938-39, took down the melody of the Zalongo tragic dance from a gypsy fiddler in a tavern in the Piraeus. When the Greeks present on that occasion heard the pock-marked Gypsy pariah play the traditional melody that had such tragic associations for the Greek race, they cried "sacrilege" and created such a disturbance that the police were called in.

Ethnic Folkways are to be congratulated on the production of a record showing the evolution of Greek oral tradition from the Byzantine period to our own days, where we find the octogenarian oral bard from Crete, Michalis Polychronakes, reciting a ballad on a theme of World War II. The modern oral minstrel, like Homer, fills his verses with formulae and type-scenes which he adapts to a basic melody. By these means he is able to sing the old tales and even to create new ones.

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Diplomacy

Continued from page 32

mal give-and-take, and general social contact, that the more lasting results of tours such as mine can show real dividends in terms of the needs and interests of the United States. To be sure, these discussions often had nothing to do with muic. But music was the excuse for my presence in Peru, as it had been in India. It opened the door for the broader exchange of ideas which we so badly need.

THE amount of impact achieved is limited to far less than the complete potential unless both the participating artist and the programming embassy posts are imaginatively aware of the full possibilities and deeper ramifications of these tours. The finesse, subtlety, and thoroughness with which I have seen the Communists work in this medium (particularly in Indonesia and Japan, but more recently in Mexico, Peru, and Brazil as well) do not allow for less than a major effort in utilization of art and cultural exchange as a medium of sociopolitical communication. To achieve this goal in the fullest measure, we must aim beyond the present scope of the program. The mere exhibition of "American cultural products" abroad may make for a good general impression but cannot in itself produce vital and more lasting personal influence. No matter how fine the artistic caliber of the presentation, the participating artist or group must realize that his work under the program has only begun with the public performance. The more important and penetrating results must be achieved by his personal contact and relations with his host, his ability to clarify misconceptions, and create a badly needed new view of the United States in the minds of those he meets. In turn, he must learn something of their values, aspirations, and needs.

Of the thirty-three USIS posts I have visited in Asia and Latin America in the last two and a half years, I found some to be tremendously aware of this need, and to be orienting their activities in this direction, while others were only superficially so. However, any criticism of the efforts and workings of the USIS abroad must take into consideration the attitudes and abilities of the visiting artists, professors, and others with whom these embassy people have worked. They complain that too often the visiting specialists, while excellent in their own fields, had little interest in, or orientation toward, the broader aspects of the program.

My work and travels abroad have indicated to me that very specific preparation on the part of the participating artist is required. He must regard his role in these tours as primarily "artistic" only when the opportunities or circumstances call for nothing more, and must of course be of sufficient caliber to earn respect on a purely artistic level. But to be really effectual, he must be prepared linguistically and have at least a rudimentary political and social knowledge of the area he is visiting. Otherwise, he will not be able to utilize his prestige and situation where the opportunity is present or can be created.

Perhaps my five weeks' experience in Brazil most clearly substantiated this point. In no country are we presented with a better yet more challenging opportunity for greater social and intellectual contact. Brazil is proud, affirmative, and dynamic. The Brazilian respects and admires the United States and, because he feels his country to be our potential economic equal, does not harbor the distrust and jealousy which one frequently encounters elsewhere. But he does not know us, and he does resent our general tendency to lump his country into the category of "just another Latin country." The Brazilian is particularly sensitive to our unfamiliarity with his Portuguese language, or, indeed, to the all too common American ignorance of the fact that Portuguese and not Spanish is the language of the 65,000,000 Brazilians (over a third of all Latin America).

Nowhere did my linguistic efforts achieve greater or more spontaneous reaction. Every article or musical review written about me first mentioned

the fact that I spoke Portuguese. The rush of the student and general public to meet and talk to me when they realized I spoke their language was often almost overwhelming.

"O senhor fala portugues! Onde aprendeu?" they asked with almost naïve incredulity. "Gosta do Brasil?" (Who would not like beautiful Brazil!)

"Quer tomar um cafezinho depois do concerto?"

Then over the coffee would come the more pertinent questions:

"What do the *Norteamericanos* think of us?"

"Do your people understand our economic problems?"

"Do they realize how different northern Brazil is from São Paulo?"

These are hard questions to answer sincerely. How much, indeed, do we think about Brazil or know of her problems? The best I could do was assure them that we are trying to learn and understand more.

While everywhere the response to my concerts and music was warm and enthusiastic, it was my effort to speak their language and my awareness of Brazil's problems and aspirations that left a more lasting impression from Rio to Manaus.

This, then, would seem to me to be the clear challenge and opportunity we face in the development of our cultural exchange program: the evolution of a "cultural corps" developed from our huge reservoir of American talent. Artists who will participate on a regular basis, devoting a yearly segment of their time to these tours, should be found and offered language and political science courses for the areas in which they will specialize, much as Foreign Service officers are trained for their posts. This could be accomplished directly by the Foreign Service Institute or perhaps more successfully through one of our great musical schools such as the Juilliard or Eastman, where aptitudes begin to take definitive form, and can be bolstered by necessary language studies.

Obviously such extra-artistic orientation and language preparation would require participants who are more than casually interested in the over-all aims of the program. The development and training of such a "cultural corps" would not be a simple undertaking. Anything worth while rarely is. However, I feel sure that the vast store of American talent can and must produce such a group who cannot only command the world's respect and attention on an artistic basis, but who can tell the other peoples of the world, in their own languages and in social and political terms that they can understand, that America is books and music, art and thought, as well as television sets and cars.

THIS is not work for the artist who refuses to play on anything but a Carnegie Hall Steinway, or one who does not care who was elected to the presidency of Brazil, because the people he will be playing for and meeting probably cannot offer him a Steinway (though they will scream enthusiasm for his efforts on the battered piano of the local school) and they do care who was elected president of Brazil and want him to know and care. Everywhere I went, my music opened the door so that I might meet and know the students of Lima, the professors in La Plata, the young lawyers and journalists in Bahía. Their applause was exciting, but their words of friendship, understanding, and "please come back soon" have made these tours an inspiring experience.

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LETTERS TO THE

RECORDINGS EDITOR

DANILOVA FOR SERRANO

IN THE December 3 issue there is the photo article headed "Golden Curtain" in which a wonderful ballet jeté is captioned "Dancer Danilova in Les Diamants." It is, I am sure, actually Lupe Serrano.

CHRISTOPHER ALLAN.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reader Allan is right. The Danilova caption belonged to a different photo.*

'FAUST" A LA RUSSE

FURTHER INFORMATION on the question of the manner of presentation of Western operas in the Soviet Union, brought up in the letter of James Shortell [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, Sept. 24] in reference to an unorthodox ordering of scenes in a production of "Faust":

Apparently the order heard by Mr. Shortell is not "normal" for the Soviet Union, but they do doctor it up in various ways to make it more acceptable to their political philosophy. (The Soviet works, of course, also require "updating" from time to time). During a year spent recently in Leningrad I viewed a production of "Faust" in which the order of scenes had been left unchanged and which included the "Walpurgisnacht" scene. But in the end Marguerite died without apotheosis. Faust and Mephistopheles made their escape, but instead of being raised to heaven by angelic choirs Marguerite was led off by the executioner.

An opera which I heard there, and which I think should be heard (and recorded) here is Rachmaninoff's "Francesca da Rimini." It does well in concert version (and would be rather static on the stage in all probability). It has some very effective writing for orchestra and chorus. It's the sort of thing that should be done by the Philadelphia Orchestra with Eileen Farrell, Richard Tucker, or Jan Peerce, and whoever can best fill the shoes of Leonard Warren.

ROBERT L. BAKER.
Bloomington, Ind.

CASTAGNA ON LP

I SECOND the motion made by W. Howard Johnson [*SR*, Nov. 26] that Columbia do something about getting the voice of Bruna Castagna on LP. Perhaps on the Harmony label?

So far as my memory serves, there were only three 78 discs of the Castagna voice issued by Columbia, and the six sides would make up one LP side. Perhaps another singer could be put on the reverse. Baccaloni?

It would be expecting too much, of course, for RCA Victor to give up rights to the two ten-inch 78s of Castagna issued on that label. However, I was under the impression that Castagna's was among the anonymous voices in a series of operatic excerpts recorded for newspaper circulation gifts and later available for a while on the Camden label. Can anyone confirm that?

I too am greatly interested in the current situation of this greatly gifted singer.

RICHARD SUTER.
Parkersburg, W. Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Best information is that Castagna is now living in Buenos Aires.*

RICHTER, CON

IN TITLING HIS articles "Great Artists of Our Time" Jan Holcman evidently assumes that his choices for "greatness" are shared by his readers. A more accurate title would have been "Artists Whom I Think Great." For example, in his discussion of pianist Sviatoslav Richter [*SR*, Nov. 26] Holcman joins the now-popular bandwagon following that player, assuming that his readers will join him. Holcman is certainly entitled to like Richter's playing, but his liking does not make that playing "great," nor must he assume that *SR*'s readers will necessarily accept such a naïve view. Artistry in musical performance appears when the music is communicated as completely and faithfully as is humanly possible under the given circumstances; in nearly twenty years of concertgoing and reviewing, the occasions on which such artistry has made itself evident I can count on the fingers of one hand. Sviatoslav Richter, I regret to say, was not among those who made such occasions memorable.

In his Berkeley recital before an audience of 5,800 Richter evoked the same extraordinary outbursts of enthusiasm which his appearances everywhere have seen, but it should not be necessary to remind *SR* readers that audience enthusiasm is hardly an indicator of artistic achievement, for similar outbursts have greeted other players, great and small. Many of those present privately disagreed with much that Richter did, yet publicly they joined the bandwagon, helping along the ovation. As a visiting artist Richter naturally deserves our most considerate attention, but his playing hardly merited a standing ovation. One wonders why his colleague, violinist Leonid Kogan, whose musicianship and communicative ability is maturely seasoned, doesn't evoke such expressions of enthusiasm. Is it, by any chance, that one is a musician and the other merely a pianist?

In Berkeley Richter played Haydn's 47th Sonata, in C major, Schumann's "Noveletten" Nos. 1, 2 and 8, the E major Scherzo of Chopin, three pieces by Ravel, and the Fifth Sonata of Scriabin. Except for the Haydn and Scriabin sonatas, this was hardly the kind of program to place before a university audience accustomed to the most challenging programs. Richter's sympathies, judging by

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this evening's playing, go first to Scriabin, then to Ravel, Schumann, and Chopin; for Haydn, his views are naïvely out of date and he even uses bowdlerized nineteenth century editions long since discredited. Thus in the first movement Haydn directs the player to keep the damper pedal down in two different passages of a measure or more, so that the changing harmonies will blur together. This Richter did not do, whether from choice or lack of knowledge it is difficult to say. But it is indicative of a general attitude toward the problems of musical communication evident not only in that evening's playing but in the majority of his recordings, including the recent one of the Brahms Second Concerto. It is certainly possible that in time to come Richter will mature as an artist, but until that time comes it behooves our music reviewers to remember that not everything is right that is Richter.

JOSEPH BISKIND,
San Francisco Conservatory of Music.
San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The title for the series is the Editor's, not Jan Holcman's. Moreover, "great" is not to be equated with infallible.*

CULTURAL NOTE

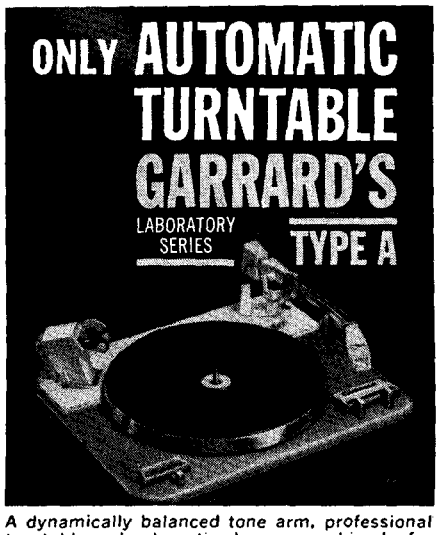
HURRAH FOR teen-age culture! Thanks to Adele Franklin's suggestions in the December 10 issue of *SR*, American teenagers will now be exposed to such esoteric works as:

1. Bethoven's (sic) 5th Symphony
2. Trychovskys' (sic) Concerto no. (sic) 1 For (sic) piano.
3. Fight (sic) of the bumbulebees (sic) by Rhymschki (sic) Korsorkov (sic).

Sick, Sick, Sick.

ROBERT MARTIN,
CHARLES R. CANTOR, and
PAUL M. LEHRER.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Franklin commends the teen-ager for enthusiasm, not for spelling.*



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RICHTER, PRO

MANY, MANY THANKS to Jan Holcman for his comprehensive, thorough, objective and above all fair presentation of the art of Sviatoslav Richter.

It helped me to understand how so great a pianist could execute some blurred passages in not too demanding sections in the first movement of Schumann's Fantasy and yet go on to render to perfection that extraordinarily difficult march in the same work, in the movement entitled "Sempre energico," with its powerful bass figurations and awkward chordal structures for the right hand, a section where pianists almost by tradition either miss or misplay notes.

CHARLES ANASTO.
New London, Conn.

FOOTNOTE TO KRIPS

I WOULD LIKE to thank your publication for the most complimentary review of the Everest recording, the Nine Beethoven Symphonies with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Josef Krips.

However, there is one little point that we wish to clear up with you about this recording. As a matter of expediency, we had to record the Beethoven Overtures in this country with Mr. Krips conducting a different orchestra. We would greatly appreciate your cooperation if there is any means by which this fact can be brought out to your readers.

RAOUL POLIAKIN,
Everest Records.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The review by Robert Lawrence made clear that the quality of playing in the overtures was inferior to that in the symphonies. This advice explains why.*

LUDWIG VAN GROFE

THOMAS HEINITZ finds it "inexplicable" that a record manufacturer coupled the "so bad" "Battle" Symphony of Beethoven with the "odious" "Grand Canyon Suite" of Grofé [*SR*, Nov. 26].

I'd say that the manufacturer did the public a favor by making it possible to avoid buying either one.

Or is Mr. Heinitz perhaps a worshiper of sacred cows as such? Would he recommend that a person read the Catalogue of Ships just because it was written by Homer?

ALAN F. RANDOLPH.
Wilmington, Del.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Which Homer?*

GOULD ON BODKY

GLENN GOULD'S statement that "it hardly seems possible that the same man (Erwin Bodky in his "The Interpretation of Bach's Keyboard Works") can . . . seriously discuss the integral connection between the 14-note subject of the C major fugue from Volume I of 'The Well-tempered Clavier' and the fact that the

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alphabet postions of the letters in the name of Bach total the number 14" is flip and unknowledgeable. In fact, Mr. Gould's review shows him to have several wrong ideas concerning the keyboard works of J. S. Bach.

The instances of numerology in the works of J. S. Bach are too numerous to have been anything but planned, uncanny as this may seem. As for the number 14 (which equals BACH), the first two-part Invention, like the subject of the C major fugue, also has 14 notes in its subject. Bach put his numerical signature at the beginning of both the WTC and the Inventions. And as for the number 41 (which equals J. S. plus Bach and is also the inversion of 14), of course Mr. Gould's own addition stubbornly yields 43. He is adding in the present-day English alphabet and not in the old German alphabet where "i" and "j" were considered one letter, or interchangeable in printing. . . .

Mr. Gould also states that Mr. Bodky's belief that "sigh" motives (prallers, or inverted mordents) should begin on the principal note is in defiance of accepted procedure. European authorities have proved that the inverted mordent beginning on the note did exist in Bach's time, and this writer believes them correct for reasons too numerous to mention here. . . .

DEAN M. ELDER.
Forest Hills, N. Y.

NUMBERS GAME

IN HIS REVIEW of the late Erwin Bodky's "The Interpretation of Bach's Keyboard Works," Glenn Gould pokes fun at the author's concern with the "misty portals of symbolism and numerology." It would seem that Mr. Gould fails to make the distinction between a belief in the hocus-pocus of numerology and a consideration of the effects such a belief might have on the believer. Dr. Bodky did not have to be superstitious himself in order to explore the effect that Bach's superstitious belief might have had on his compositions. Certainly there is no contradiction inherent in the recognition that the form of a composition may have been determined by psychological, historical, economic, and religious considerations as well as by strictly musical ones. We know that Bach did concern himself, in "The Art of the Fugue," with symbolic expression of his name in his music. He played similar musical-symbolic puzzle-games in the "Musical Offering." Why should he not have done so in "The Well-Tempered Clavier"?

Moreover, Mr. Gould implies that the whole notion is absurd because Dr. Bodky's argument is founded on a ridiculous error in counting the letters of the alphabet. Actually the error is Mr. Gould's—though it is more historical than mathematical. The alphabet as Bach knew it had only one identical letter representing both I and J. His first initial would thus have been regarded by him as the ninth letter in the alphabet, while S would have advanced to 18th place; 18 plus 9 equals 27; the rank orders of B-A-C-H total 14, and the sum equals Bodky's 41, not Gould's 43. Let us hope that Mr. Gould is more scrupulous in his study of baroque performance practice than he has been in his pronouncements on the baroque alphabet.

CHRISTOPHER FRIED, *Chairma.*
Schenectady Museum-
Union College Concert Series.
Schenectady, N. Y.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Endanger.

B. Compelled; entreated; ironed.

C. What the peace-lover does not often take, as regards another person or idea (2 wds.).

D. Made the noise of rapid collisions.

E. Devoted members of an established religious organization.

F. An aborigine.

G. What "French fries" are made from (2 wds.).

H. Laid waste; demolished; ruined.

I. Price of a Biblical birthright (3 wds.).

J. Self-evident.

K. Short form of a familiar London address (2 wds.).

L. Indian tribe which early boasted of having killed more English than any other tribe; descendants now live in Oklahoma.

WORDS

12 181 155 54 85 109 116 201 33 2

25 146 106 70 206 34 182

32 49 180 108 161 92 165 52 137

83 38 198 7 124 19 66 46 3

22 173 133 193 112 105 68 126 5

123 43 37 191 199 168 104 17 187 115

158 194 100 55 145 71 21 48 10 18 89

183 58 79 111 179 128 93 99 73 195

170 149 24 188 29 154 127 6 16 60 75

120 81

56 20 184 35 144 138 94 196 172

103 171 74 72 67 121 117 95 9

40 64 53 204 47 169 101

DEFINITIONS

M. Herb of U.S. prairie regions (*Pentstemon cobaea*).

N. Disbursement.

O. Puffed out.

P. Medical term for abnormal thickening.

Q. One who makes overmuch of beauty.

R. Dusky.

S. What the person resistant to change would retain (2 wds. followed by "quo").

T. Thoroughly cooked (2 wds; colloq.).

U. After "Lady", one of Gertrude Lawrence's great hits (3 wds.).

V. Warty.

W. Word often used loosely as a synonym of "conifer."

WORDS

125 119 11 110 190 141 135 98 156

102 82 186 27 153 14 140

113 36 91 61 205 131 39 160

157 150 42 84 62 142 185 78 176

122 151 167 132 143 207 65

107 178 97 192 51 134 163 4 13 77

15 129 88 31 200 189 23 159 76

174 152 59 208 50 45 197 1 162

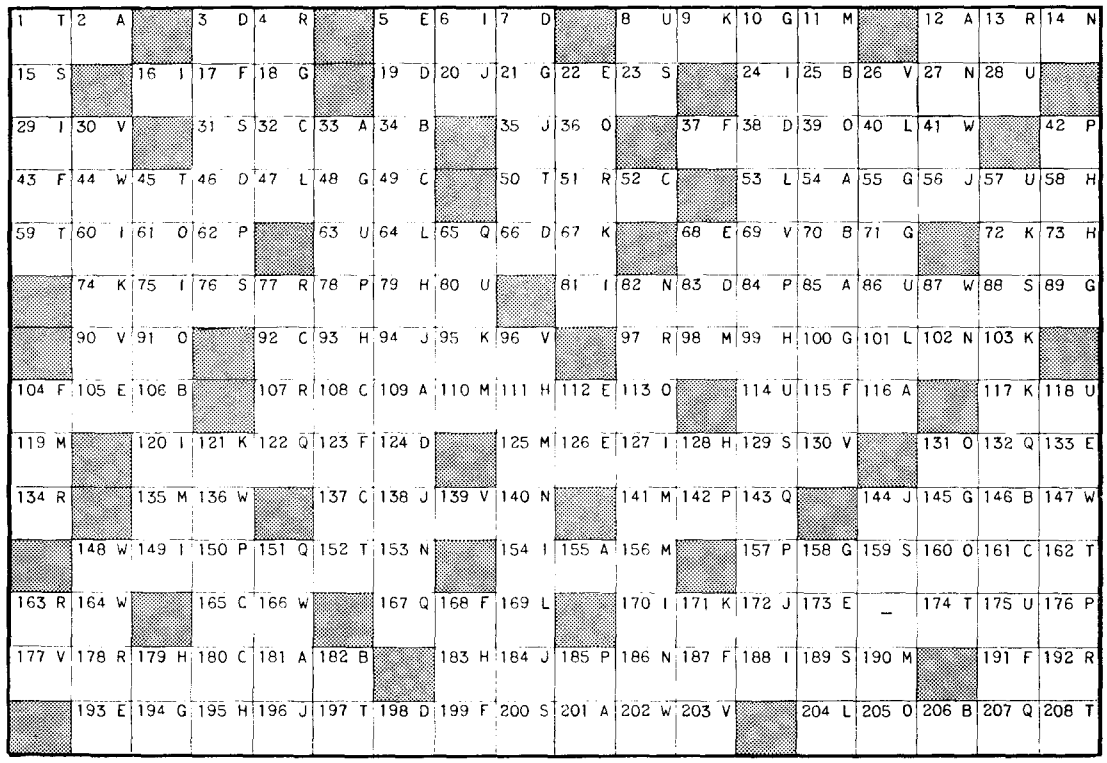
175 86 63 118 80 28 114 57 8

139 203 96 30 69 177 90 130 26

147 202 41 148 87 44 164 136 166

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.

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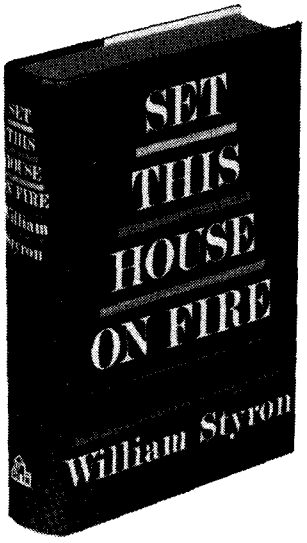

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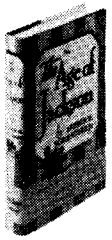

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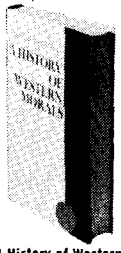

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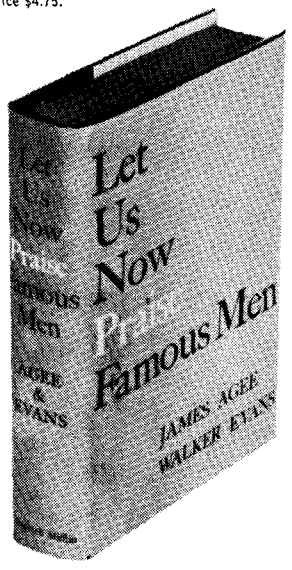

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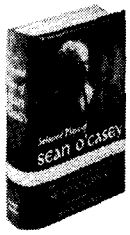

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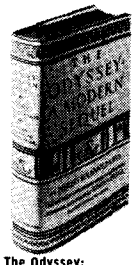

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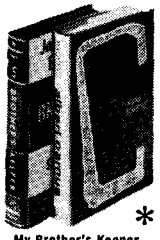

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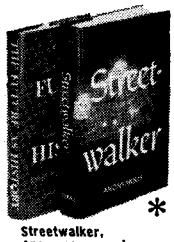

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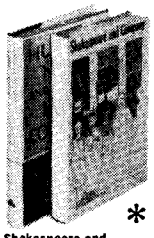

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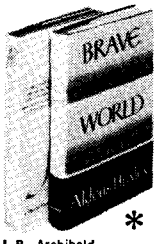

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